

HOLLOW INSIDE HOLLOW

PUNKROCK-NO. 7 FANZINE

SPECIAL

NR.7

1992



YOUR

NR: 8

schnippel ohne Rückmeldung auf irgendwelche Annmerkungen oder Äußerungen. Das erste Reunion Konzert wird wohl ein Open Air erst im nächsten Jahr sein, sodaß unsereins noch ein bisschen feuchte Händchen bekommen

darf bei der Vorstellung, - das man endlich den großen Ausverkauf der Pistols miterleben kann. You know: Lesson 3: Sell The Swindle. Zwar spät, aber immerhin.

Übrigens muß wirklich zugesagt werden, daß die in Anführungszeichen neue Doppel Best Of...CD mit Bonus "Live At Trondheim"CD in Sachen Optik ein Blickfang

in meinem CD Regal ist. Ja, Ja, es lebe der Konsum-Terror. JAH-Kommt angefeigt, immer obenauf, You Know? Fuck Off! Wem das Zine hier nicht paßt, soll das

Teil entweder aufm Müll schmeißen oder mir zurückgeben, ich erstatte natürlich den Fuchs zurück. Die Ausgaben sind diesmal auf 76 Stück begrenzt (Ich will

nicht limitiert sagen). Wer die Nr. 76 besitzt, soll sich melden, für den haben wir noch ein kleines Present. So, ich glaub das ist jetzt auch genug erzählt, guckt euch das Zine an und labert mich an. Ach übrigens, bevor

ich das vergesse: die nächste normale Ausgabe kommt in ein paar Wochen (Monaten). Bis dann

Hanns Stresius
Forbachstr. 11
4100 Duisburg 14

Ach noch was: Diese edle Nummer kostet 10 Pfennige (ohne Porto). Und kommt mir bloß nicht auf die Tour: "Eh, alten sowat kann ich aber auch" Dann Machet Alten!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Geplant als HOLLOW INSIDE SEZIAL als nächstes: THE DAMNED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Erscheinungstermin: 1990!!!

So, da isse nun die Nr. 7 des HOLLOW INSIDE Fanzines. Diesmal sieht das Zine etwas anders aus als erwartet, wie man, oder Ihr unschwer erkennen könnt. Ja, also,

wo soll ich bloß anfangen, - na egal, auf jeden Fall ist dies hier eine Spezial Ausgabe. Vollgestopft mit Bildern, oder bessergesagt mit Fotokopien von Bildern von nur einer Band, von den SEX PISTOLS aus London-

England. Seit ein paar Monaten wird wieder viel Wirbel um diese Band gemacht, was mich dazu veranlaßt hat ein paar Bilderchen aneinander zu

Melody Maker

IT 7, 1976

15p weekly

USA 75 cents

CORYELL CUTS CLAPTON

Lennon wins US battle

JOHN LENNON, who last week won his battle against deportation with the American authorities, may come to Britain for the first time in five years. He was granted his "green card" last Tuesday in a court hearing in New York. Amongst the witnesses for Lennon were the sculptor

Neguchi, film star Gloria Swanson and the writer Norman Mailer, who called the artist "one of the great artists of the Western world." After the case Lennon told the AP's Chris Charlesworth, "Now I can go and see my relatives." Full report — page 8.



SEX PISTOLS: no time for elitism... their music is beyond considerations of taste and finesse

● Out of the gloriously raucous, uninhibited melee of British punk rock will emerge the musicians to inspire a fourth generation of rockers ●

Punk rock: crucial or phoney? Pages 24/25

LARRY CORYELL, the brilliant American guitarist, almost stole the show when he jammed on stage with Eric Clapton at last Saturday's Crystal Palace Garden Party.

His surprise appearance provided a spectacular climax to the show and threatened to eclipse Clapton's subdued performance. Coryell played some immaculate blues choruses before joining Clapton — pictured below — blues



giant Freddie King and the Rolling Stones' Ronnie Wood for a jam.

Coryell, who only last week told the Melody Maker he was reverting to his blues roots, was not billed to appear. He was in London for a solo concert at the Roundhouse on Sunday.

The Garden Party also heralded the breakthrough for the Jess Roden Band. The big disappointment, however, was Steve Marriott's failure to appear with Dick And The Firm, an occasional band which featured Bob Dylan and Simon Kirke from Bad Company, keyboard player Tim Hinkley, and drummer Mitch Mitchell.

Promoters Michael Alford and Harvey Goldsmith are now planning a second Garden Party, scheduled for September 11.

● Full report, see pages 8 and 9

Roxy rows

ALTHOUGH Roxy Music have not actually split, at least one member of the band now claims that the band has stopped performing together after external dissonance.

Saxophonist Andy Mackay, in an interview this week with Melody Maker, says that even if Bryan Ferry left, Roxy could still survive. "It wouldn't be the same, but we could always get another vocalist. I've got the last five years into making Roxy a success, and I'm not prepared to sacrifice that over some squabble with Bryan. He doesn't realise he'll never find anyone better to play with than Roxy."

By general agreement, the group will not reform until Spring 1977 at the earliest. Mackay, meanwhile, will be working on a new television series of Rock Follies, whose album, for which he wrote the music, went to number one. Ferry has a new solo album out at the end of this year, when he will be touring and former Roxy member Brian Eno, joins guitarist Phil Manzanera at the Reading Festival on August 25. Interviews with Mackay, Manzanera and Eno: page 27.



Die Lektionen sind nicht vollständig, schlecht lesbar und die
Bilder sind auch nur schlecht. Aber egal! >

How To Manufacture Your Group.

Designed by Huber & Pirsson, The Chelsea Hotel was opened in 1884 as one of the City's earliest co-operative apartment houses. It became a hotel about 1905. The florid cast iron balconies were made by the firm of B. & J. M. Cornell. Artists and writers who have lived here include Arthur B. Hart, Elmer O. Farrell, Robert Sloan, Dylan Thomas, Thomas Wolfe and Sid Vicious.

— Plaque, The Chelsea Hotel, N.Y.

"Then who the hell did get any satisfaction out of it?" Steve shifted Mary's head and felt about in his crutch for the popcorn he'd dropped.

"You got a complaint?" Her voice was muffled.

Steve sighed. "Now's a fine time to start asking."

Robbers coveted on benches. Robbers limbered up. Robbers made publishing deals and wondered why their ideas went crazy. Steve looked away from the screen. He sniffed. "There's sulphate in the air-conditioning."

"It's just a keepsake way," said Mary.

"What?"

She raised her head again, impatiently.

"It's just to keep you awake, ing."

"Oh."

The popcorn was running out.

A killed figure came on screen and began to rationalise his own and others' despair. It was called hindsight.

"I think I'd better try to see what happened to it," said Steve.

"What? The money?"

"Call it that, if you like. Unless you have a plot, see, you can't have the paranoia."

Mary rested her head on his thigh. "I don't think it's sulphate. It's something else. She tasted the air. 'Is this an art cinema?'"

But Steve was already backtracking.

"Well, it's not what I bloody call a picture." Mrs Cornelia waded across the foyer on old, flat feet and lowered her tray of Lyons Maida and Kie-Oras to the counter. "I mean, in my day it was love an' adventure an' that, wasn't it?"

Tenpole lifted a crazed eye from behind the hooding warmer and opened a disturbed mouth. "Who...?" he began. But his attention was already wandering.

"Now, it's all vomit an' screws," she continued. "I wouldn't mind if it was Clark Gable, but there's no bloody adventure. What you got?"

"Oh, shut up, you pore lined banger. It's that Mrs Vicious I feel sorry for."

"Killed..." said Tenpole.

"Too right. Mrs C heaved her tray away. Oh, well. Back into the effin' fray."

"That's the end of it."

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"That's the end of it."

"That's the end of it."

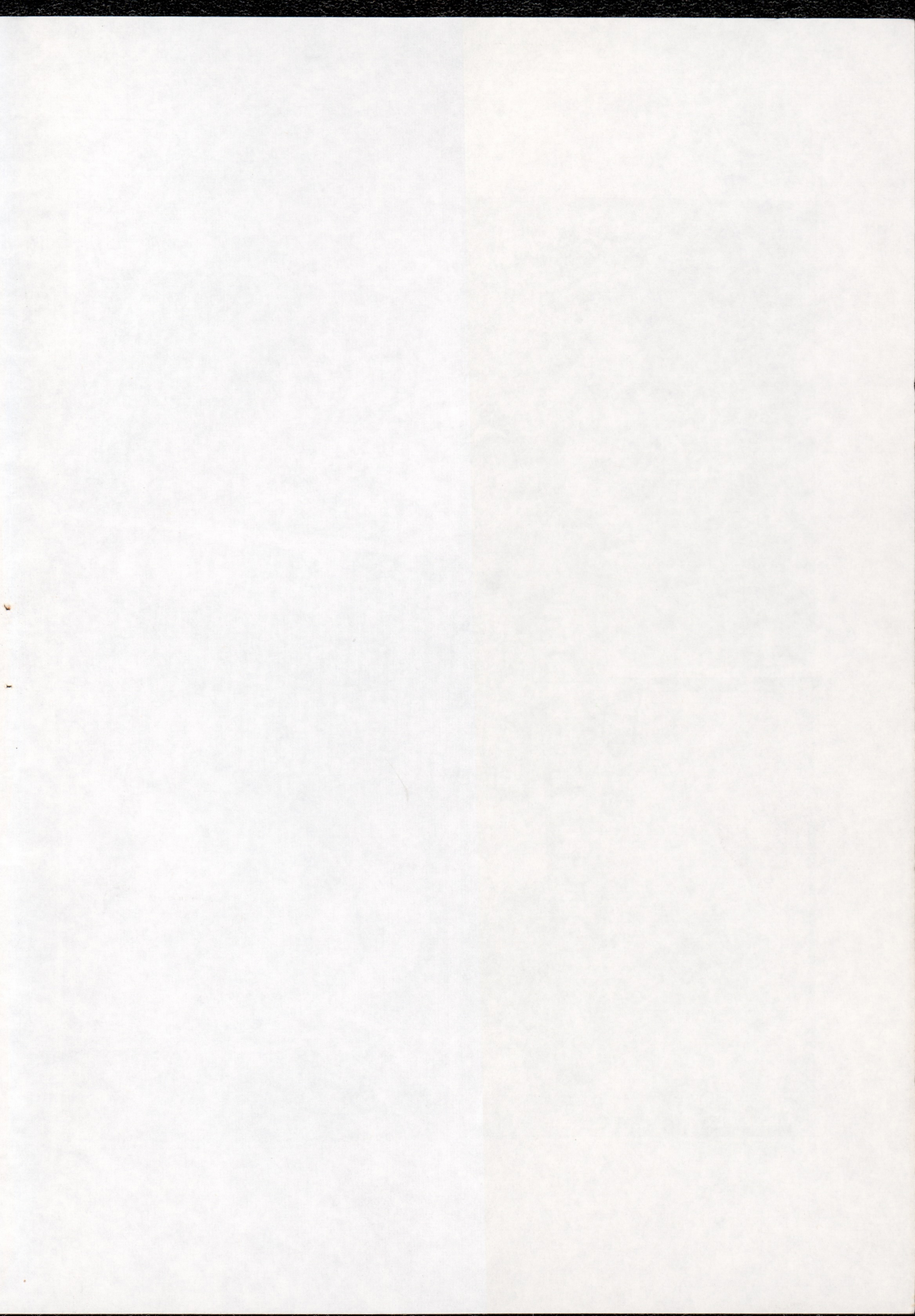
Guten Tag Herr Real Shock!

Anbei die vorwheinachtliche Überraschung.



Kommt von weihen, H^ö, H^ö, H^ö!

Bye x →





LESSON 2

Establish The Name.

Johnny Rotten, the surgically majorvolent Scaramouche, is a third-generation son of rock 'n' roll - the galvanic lead singer of the Sex Pistols. His band play at a hard his-reckless, frantic pace. And they sing anti-hero songs, cynical songs about suburbia and songs about repression, hate and aggression. They have shocked many people. But the band's music has always been true to life as they see it. Which is why they are so wildly popular. The fans love the Sex Pistols and identify with their songs because they know they are about their lives too.

— Virgin Records Publicity, 1977

"Sex and aggression are the best-selling commodities in the world. Everybody's frustrated or angry about something, particularly adolescents."

Frank was having his hair redone to fit in with current trends. "Easy on the eye, Mary. We don't want to go too far, do we?" The plump, rangy Mary picked it up. Her hand stank of camphor. "Popcorn."

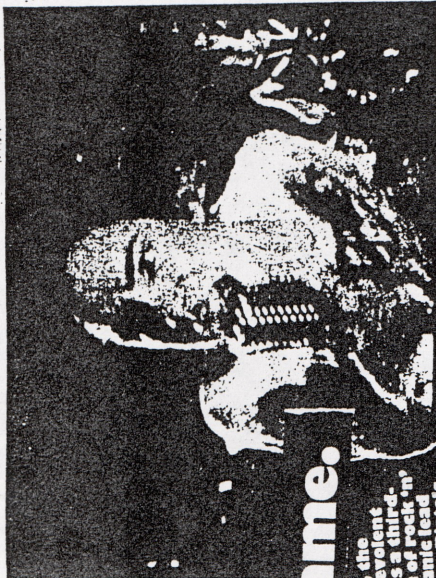
She listened for a moment and giggled. "You turned back to Frank. It's your mum."

"Tell me about the only one who isn't."

"You're about the grossy receiver."

"Hello, mum. How are you? What can I do for you, dear?" He was patronising.

He listened for a while. His expression becoming ever more bleak. "Yes, Jack's again."



Rock Around the Clock

Mrs. Cornelius flashed her torch around the cinema. "It's filthy in 'ere. You fink they'd do something about it."

Customers began to complain at her. She switched off the torch. "Please yourselves."

She went back into the foyer.

With intense concentration, Turpole was dissecting a hot dog.

"Found anything?" she asked.

"Not a sausage."

"Anybody ring for me?"

"Ring."

"Never mind."

She'd done her best to warn Frank. Now it was up to him. Three wardens in heavy

knob and cops whose visors hid their eyes.

"This had better be good," said one of them

threateningly to Turpole.

"You can't go wrong with sex and pistols."

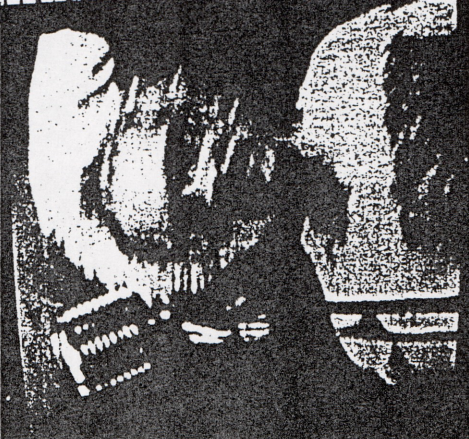
His mate began to guffaw. They had that

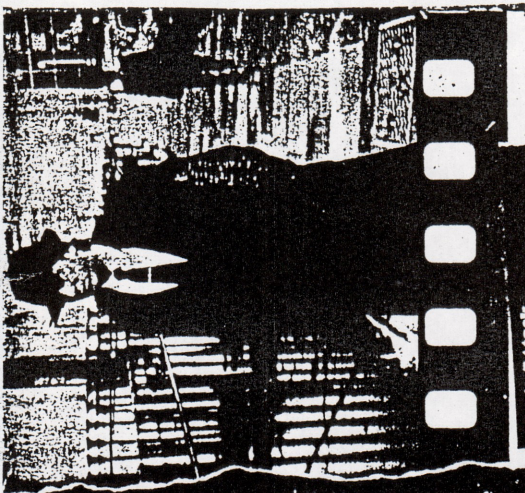
smell of stale sweat and over-controlled

violence common to most soldiers and

policemen. It was probably something in the

uniform.





Mary began "pacing" him, but he stopped her. "Okay, mum."

He frowned.

"Okay, mum. Yes. Yes. Look after

yourself." He handed the phone back to

Mary. "Well, well," he said.

From the other side of his Walflounds and

dogs, a mixed pack of fish and whine. He

Alsatians began to scratch and yowl and

sometimes felt they were his only real secur-

ity. Moved by some impulse he couldn't

define, he placed a reluctant hand on Mary's

bum.

Sentimental Journeys:

The Other Side of the Coin

Steve had managed to reach Tooting.

Autumn leaves fell onto the carman. In the

distance was a faded, like a ruined Sweet-

ring Bells. He slipped into his tub of Sweet-

and Sour Pank. His fingers were

already stained bright orange, as was his en-

tire lower face. One to his right the road

was up. Drills were hammering. He was

beginning to feel more relaxed. It was when

they put you in the real country that you

went to pieces.

Paul was waiting for him behind a large

plane tree. "I wouldn't really be talking to

you, you cunt."

"Divide and Rule," said Steve. "Aren't we

part of the same faction any more?"

"What does William say?"

"Haven't seen him."

"Of the Record Company."

"They haven't released anything."

"Then it could be okay."

"It could be." Steve offered Paul the tub.

The drummer began to eat with eager, twi-

ching fingers.

"I've been trying to make this deal with

the devil all day," he complained. "Not a

whisper. What you up to then, you

bastard?"

"Not a lot."

"Got any money?"

Steve shook his head. "How long you got

to stay down here?"

"Another six months. Then I might get

remission."

"Play your cards right."

"A bit of spit never hurt anybody. Are you

here just to see me?"

"No. I'm looking for a train robber."

"They're difficult to fence, trains."

"You have to have a buyer set up

already."

"Things were simpler in the fifties, you

know. The poor were poor and the rich were

bloody rich. People knew where they stood. I

blame it all on rock and roll."

"It was the only way out. Now that it does

doesn't work any more. You think it does.

But it doesn't."



Sonic Attack
 "A little vomit is a dangerous thing," Miss
 Brammer tried to smooth a lump in her satin
 trousers. Her thin hands were quivering, ir-
 ritable. "There's no point in going for that.
 Not unless you're going to do it properly.
 Vomit has to have some meaning, you
 know."

"What about gobbing," said her eager

assistant, Sophie. "Shouldn't she say?"

"Well, it is associated with the vomit,"

all." She sniggered. "Disgusting, isn't it?"

"But we have to get into the vomit, don't

we? Disgust equals the vomit. Ugly dinner."

"You know?"

"But will people be disgusted enough?"

This was the constant worry of the publicity

department at the marrieds. Of course, it's im-

portant to associate Sex Pistols with

nausea. They should be synonymous in the

public's view.

"True," Miss Brammer touched a finger to

a blackened lid. "Should we emphasise the

urine angle?"

"Piss-stools," said Sophie. She laughed with

high-pitched, artificial laugh. "Reacts with

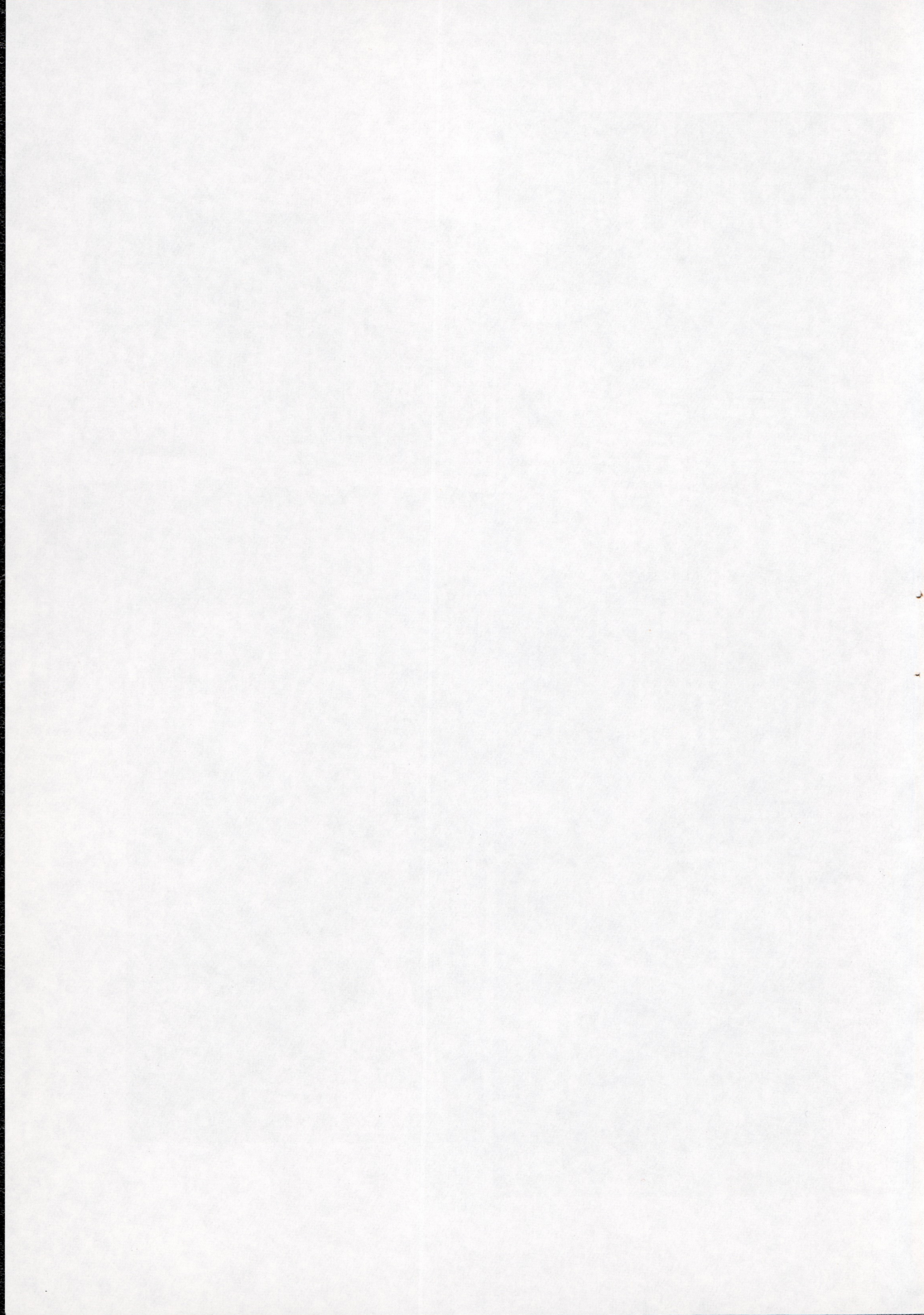
bladder problems?"

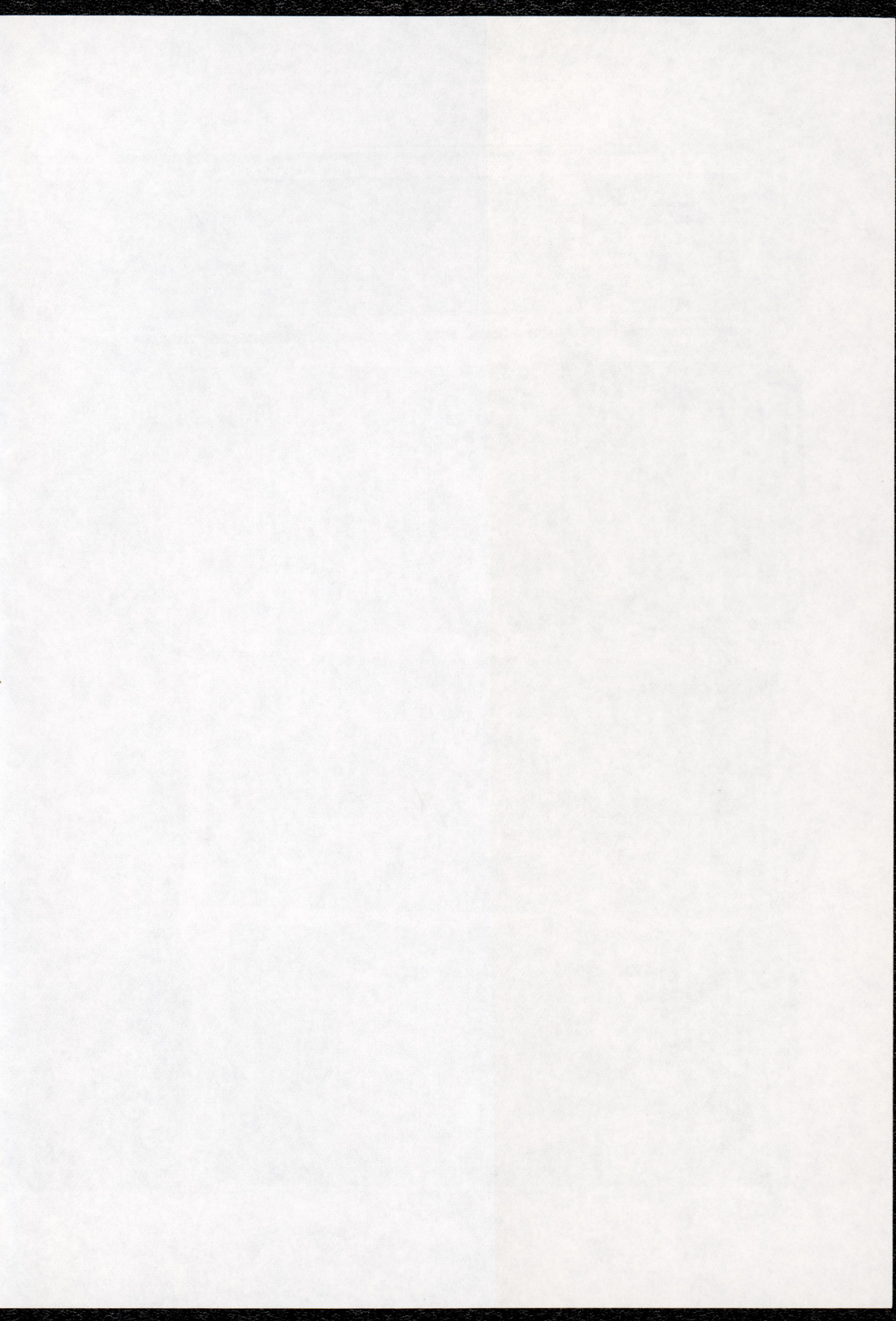
"Now you're being feckous. It won't do,

Sophie. This is serious. We want the name in

every paper by Thursday."

"But the record isn't mixed yet."





RSteve, not with your habits. Haven't you got a squat to go to?"

"Where?"

"You're too heavily into bread, Steve. That's your problem. You've really sold out. Haven't you? I remember you when you didn't give a shit about money or anything else. What are you really after, Steve?"

"Mummy and Daddy, is it? If you don't like the heat, you should stay out of the kitchen. I look after a lot of people, but I can't look after you all the time. It's killing me. I have to deal with all the hassles, cool out the managements of the venues, pay for the damage."

He raised a suicide arm. "I haven't had more than twelve hours sleep in a week. Pro-'s? Do you think there are any profits in this business? If so, where are they? Show them to me!"

"They're up your nose, Frankie."

There came a noise from Frank's throat like the sound of an angry baby. Steve recognised it. It was called *The Management Wail*. It was time to leave.

Public Image

Identity Manipulation Associates (IMA = *Wander Your Way Me To Be*) had taken over the old John offices. Steve was beginning to feel a little flakey again, the edges. He'd started off thinking it was a caper, a time-lifer. Now, what with one thing and another, it was beginning to feel like an obsession.

"I've had enough of obsessions." He felt the old call to retreat, to get some air. "On the other hand, this might not be air. It could just be ordinary."

He opened the door and went into the lobby. A young woman looked up at him from threatened brown eyes. "Can I help you?"

"I was wandering about the money, Did Malcolm..."

"We only do identities here. The money comes later."

"Is there anyone I could see?"

"They're all in meetings. Are you a performer?"

"I became sympathetic and far less wary. Steve was no-one to be afraid of. She spoke softly. "They won't be back this afternoon, love. What do you play?"

"I think it's Scrabble, but I'm not sure."

"Magical!"

He was plodding off again.

Adapted For The Market: Finally It's The Movie

The permanently depressed tones of Malcolm McLaren, doing his best to make some sense of his impulses, could be heard on the other side of the doors.

Steve pushed his way through. There were no pictures, only a soundtrack. The little room was dark, but somewhere in it lawyers and accountants shuffled and whispered.

"Why is everybody so unhappy?"

Sometimes it's all you've got left of your adolescent enthusiasm," said Steve. He began to giggle.

"Were you ever talented?" Aggressive, self-protecting, attempting condescension, lawyer spouts.

"Did you deliberately set out to shock?"

"I don't know," said Steve. "I don't read the papers any more."

"Have you lost?"

"That's an idea that's important, isn't it?"

"It's the image that's important, isn't it?"

This was an upper-class woman's voice.

"So they say."

Bodies were coming closer. "Well, to..."

"to to."

Swallowing Your Own Bullshit

Steve waded into the mud. He was not quite certain what lay on the other side of the vast building site. He wasn't sure why he was trying to get to South London. A helicopter came in low, seeming to be observing him. He looked up. "Malcolm?"

A voice began to sing *My Way* through a loud hailer.

It was beginning to feel like victimisation, or a haunting. That energy was going. Or maybe it had already gone and that was what he was looking for.

All he'd wanted was a bit of this and that. Some peace and quiet. Some fun. Everybody why couldn't they leave him alone? Why couldn't he leave them alone?

He was dying for a crop.

He cast about for an anchor. About five feet away the back wheel of a new Honda could be seen, sticking out of the mud, as if the rider had tried to make it across this no-man's-land and failed.

Steve blinked. "Sd?"

What the hell did it matter, anyway?

Sulphate Heaven

The room was full of heavy metal. In one corner about fifteen old hippies were wondering where it had all gone, while in the opposite corner fifteen punks were wondering where it was all going. Steve stood in the middle.

"Anybody want a fight?"

A few eyes flickered, then faded again. Wined faces tried to move.

It was a musician's graveyard. They existed as far apart as Streatham and Kensal Rise. They had served their turn. Many of them had been shown a profit.

A tidal wave of joy came in. "Blimey." She rattled her back.

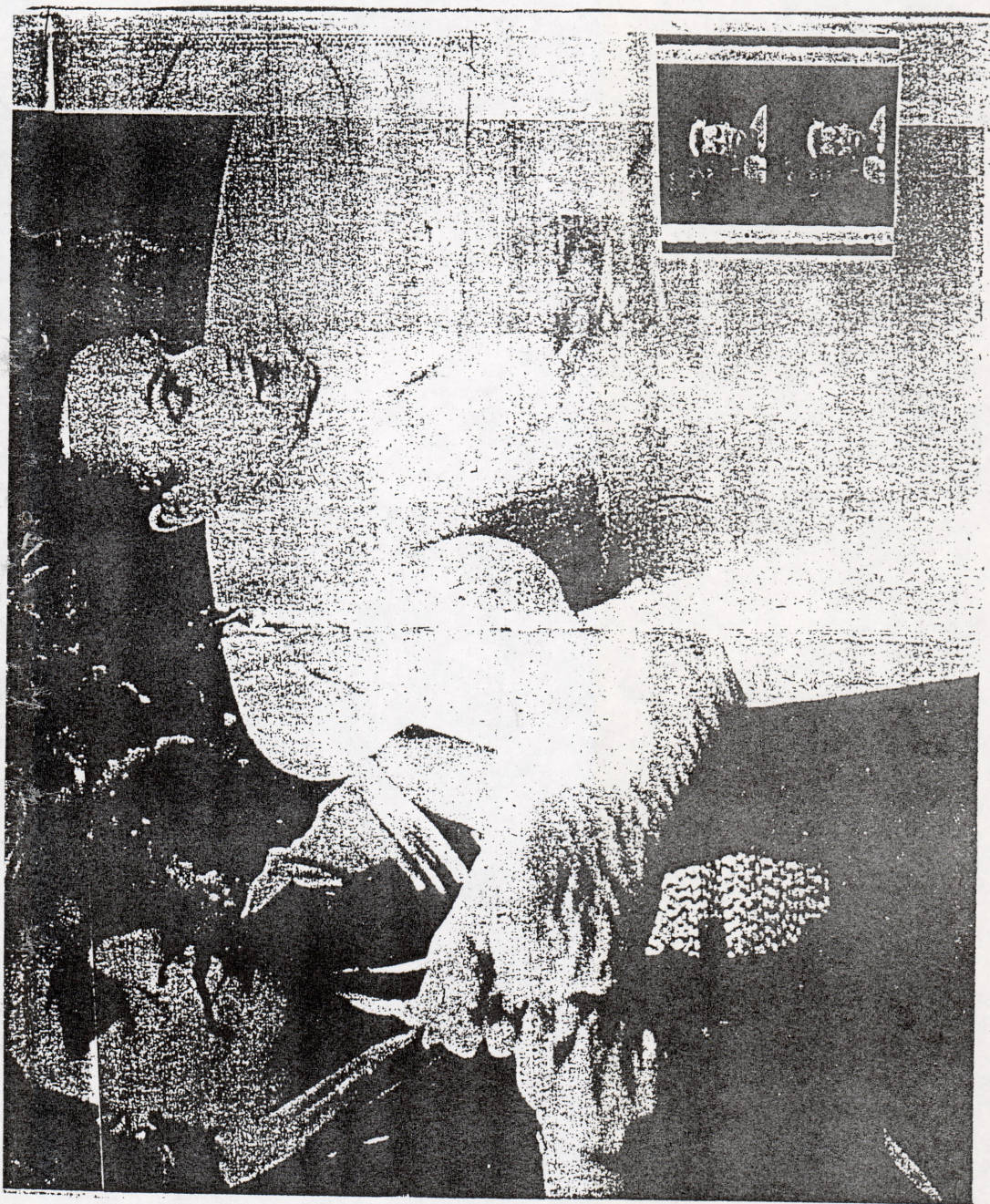
"Line-up, lads," said Steve. "The lady's got the blues."

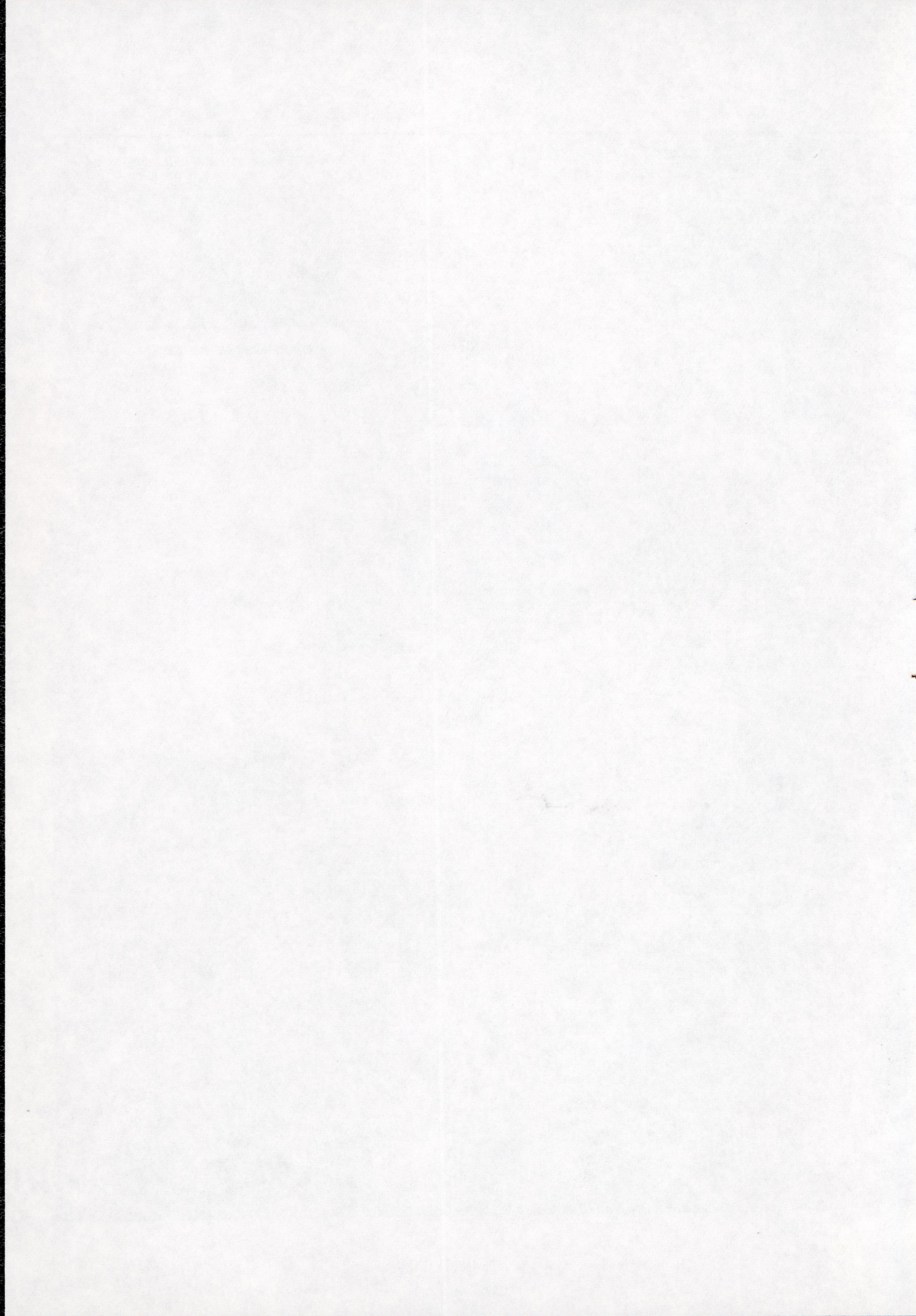
"Been to Highbury yet?" she asked him.

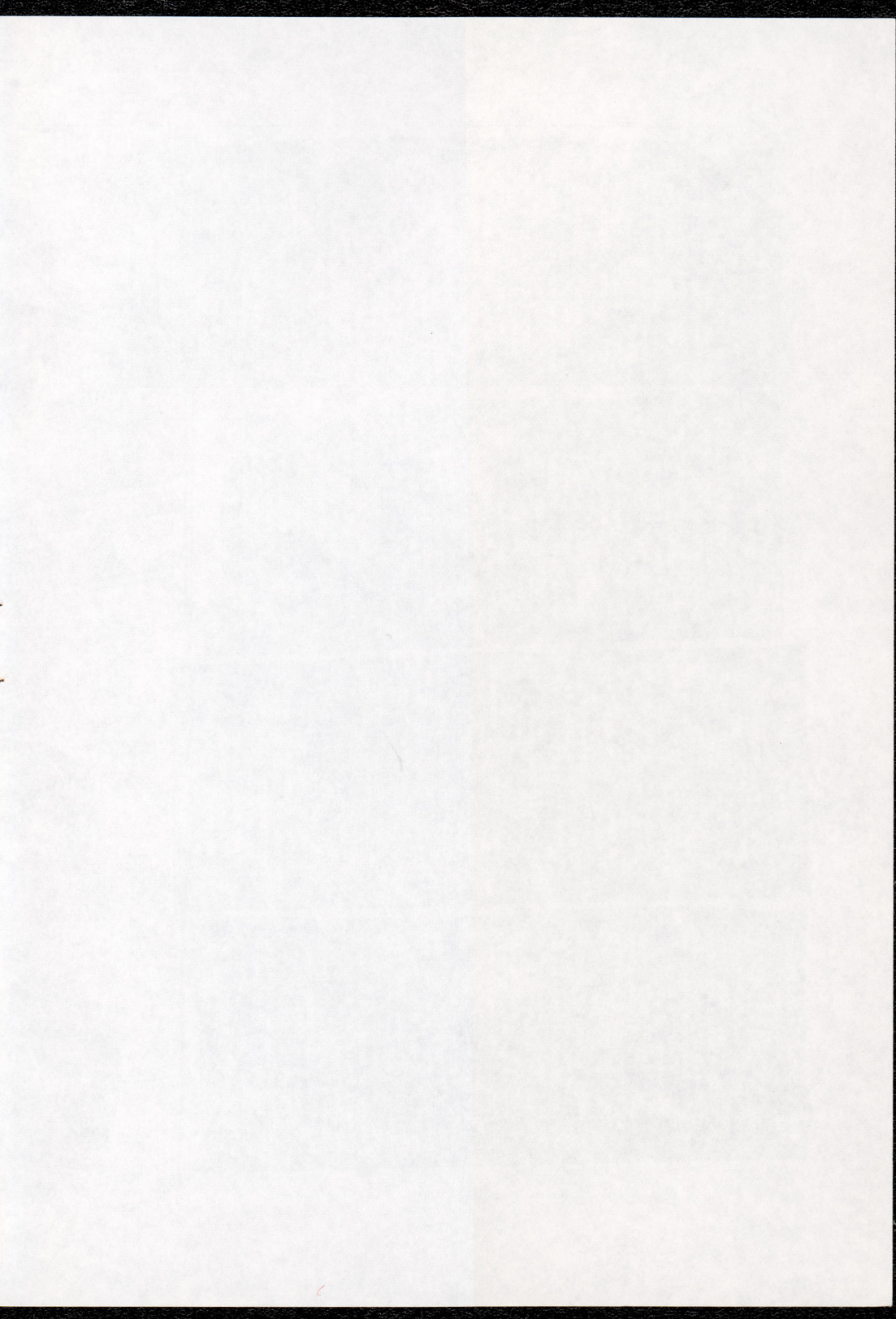
"Is there any point?"

"Not a lot."

"I'm on my way," he said.







New Recruits in the Psyche

"As long as we all believe in the New Jerusalem," said Helen of Troy, having trouble with her knickerbocker glory, "we stay together and as long as we stay together, we can all believe the same thing. And if we can all believe the same thing long enough, it comes true. We all have to be a bit over the top. But when some silly bastard goes well over the top, that rocks the boat. The trouble with Johnny, for instance, was that he wouldn't bloody well stay in uniform. And after Malcolm had gone to all that bother, too, wouldn't know about any o' that, love."

Mrs. Cornelius waved away the offer of a bit of jelly and lacecream on a long spoon. "I'm the stuff! I love to carry it around on a bloody day, don't I?"

They sat down on a red vinyl and chrome stools at the bar. But when was a big plane glass window. Behind that was the traffic of the Beautiful People of the Kings Road in their elegant frockies. Danofism always degenerated into fascism.

Helen of Troy was in trouble getting to the bottom of her Glory. Her arms were too short. Mrs. C. tilted the glass. "Pare fang. There you go." She laughed. "Didn't mean to interfere, love." She glanced out of the window.

From the direction of Sloana Square a mob was moving. It was difficult to make out what it consisted of.

"Skinheads," said Mrs. C. "Or Mods. Is it? Or them Rude Boys? Or is that their name?"

"Divide and Rule," said Helen of Troy. "I hope this doesn't mean they've stopped their bloody buses again."

Mrs. Cornelius looked at the clock over the bar. "I'm due for work at one."

"They still showing that picture?"

"It's really good business."

"I think Malcolm McLaren is the Sir Robert Boothby of his generation, and pushed you?" Helen got to the exit first and dashed on one of the doors.

"Well, it's no bloody Swengeli, an' that's

The mob was dressed in 18th century costumes. "Ighwaymen?"

"Nostalgia hasn't been such a positive force since the Romantic Revival."

"Typical, yer mean?"

"The Past and the Future — they'll get you know what."

"I know what you mean, love." Mrs. C. picked up her handbag. "Stick to the Present. I always said so, an' I bloody always will. I've met some funny bastards in my time. Lookin' backwards, lookin' bloody for-wards. It's un'olly. Nar. Their future's on we fuckin' got, innit?"

"And it doesn't do you any harm."

The mob was carrying off a few young men. Over loudspeakers came the sounds of Malcolm McLaren singing You Need Hands. The mob began to growl in unison.

"I've seen 'em come an' I've seen 'em go," Mrs. C. shook her head. "An' I'll tell you in tears every time. Wat good does it do?"

"It stops you getting bored," said Helen of Troy. "Some of the time, anyway."

The effigies were being tossed on a tide of angry shoulders.

"You can get 'em attackin' anylink, can't yer." Mrs. C. was amused. "Give 'em a shipper worry 'an they won't bother you."

"The Sex Pistols were the best thing that ever happened for British politics at a very dodgy moment in their career."

Helen of Troy reached her money up to the girl at the B.O. or so we like to think. But no bloody divide and Rule, Mrs. C. And up goes your Egg.

"I hope this doesn't mean they've stopped their bloody buses again."

Mrs. Cornelius looked at the clock over the bar. "I'm due for work at one."

"They still showing that picture?"

"It's really good business."

"I think Malcolm McLaren is the Sir Robert Boothby of his generation, and pushed you?" Helen got to the exit first and dashed on one of the doors.

"Well, it's no bloody Swengeli, an' that's

for sure."

"He did identify with the product..."

"E should 'ave bought an Alcatraz. They're easier to train."

A young man in a trilby and a dark trenchcoat went past them in a hurry.

That's Steve. Helen of Troy pulled on her jacket. "He still thinks there's a solution to all this. Or at least a resolution."

It's one o' them nice fings about 'im." Mrs. C. directed a look of tolerant pity at his retreating back.

The trouble with messed up love affairs," said Helen of Troy, "is that you waste so much time going to the source of the pain and asking it to make you better."

E'll 'em. You an' yer gaffer yer blame the end. Mrs. Cornelius saw that the mob had parted to allow a convoy of No. 11 buses through. "I'd better 'op on one o' these while I've got the chance."

"I've got yer chance."

Not just ultimate business of management is that to divide your group but to divide their heads. Are more you pack with their judgements. The more you control them, it's like being married, really."

Helen of Troy waved to Mrs. C., a menacing figure as it bunched itself towards the bus.

"Don't let 'em hit on yer, dear." Mrs. C. reached the platform. "Just beas yer short."

"You can only manage what you create yourself. The trouble with people is that they will keep breaking out. It almost cost poor Malcolm his health."

The mob was beginning to split up. Fights were starting between different factions. Cocked hats flew.

"After all," said Helen, "deciding to shadow Steve, someone has to take the blame. But you can bet your cheins we won't have anarchy in the UK in our lifetime. Just the usual bloody chaos."

What Do You Need?

"Role models make Roli Royces for heroes. But it costs too much to let audiences or the artists get out of control, or you stand to lose the profit. It's true in all forms of showbusiness, but it's particularly important in the record industry."

Frank Cornelius lay back in his Executive Comfort Mark VI leather swivel and wondered if it would be going too far if he waved his unit cigar.

"What can I do for you, Steve?" His eyes, wasted by a thousand indulgences, moved like worms in his skull.

"I was wondering what happened to the money." Steve unbuttoned his trenchcoat, looking around at the images of rock singers in various classic poses, emulating the stars of Westerns and War films except they had guitars instead of rifles.

"It hardly existed," Frank put his cigar to his awful lips. "Well, I mean, it's real enough in the mind. And I suppose that's the main thing. What are you selling me, Steve? Thinking of going solo? This company's small, but it's keen. We really identify with the lads. Can you play your guitar yet? Don't worry if you can't. It's one of the easiest skills in the world to learn."

What happened to the money, Frank?

"Don't look at me. Malcolm had it."

"He says you had it."

"I haven't made a penny, personally, in six months. It's all gone on expenses. Do you know how much it costs to keep an act on the road?"

"Where's the money?" Steve himself was beginning to lose his thread. Frank's responses were too familiar to keep anyone's attention for long, including his own.

"Come in advances, probably. Ask Malcolm, not me. I only became a director towards the end. For legal reasons."

"Where's Malcolm?"

"Who knows where Malcolm is. Does Malcolm know where Malcolm is? Is he Malcolm? What is Malcolm, anyway?"

Steve frowned. "Give me an address, Frank."

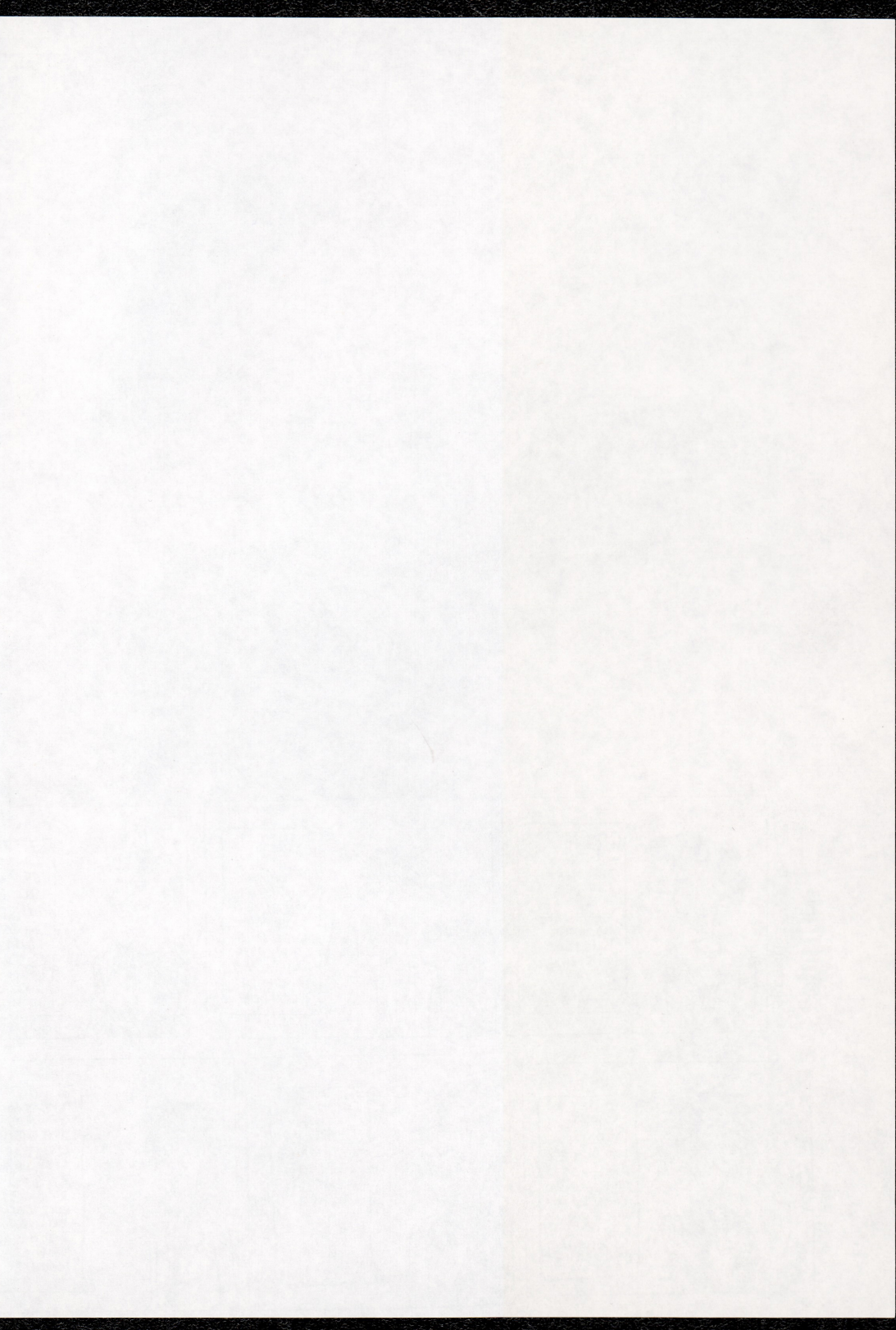


You mustn't let it get you down.

HOW TO MANUFACTURE YOUR GROUP







SEX PISTOLS

STEREO 15



SEX PISTOLS

PERSONNEL



**MALCOLM
MCLAREN**
DER MANA-
GER DER
PISTOLS.
EIN AUSGE-
KOCHTER
BURSCHE,
DER FRÜHER
DIE NEW
YORK DOLLS
BETREHTE.



**JOHNNY
ROTTEN**
DER SÄNGER.
ER FLOG
VON EINER
KATHOLI-
SCHEN SCHU-
LE, WEIL ER
ALS ROCKER
DURCH DIE
GEGEND LIEF.



**STEVE
JONES**
DER GITAR-
RIST. FÄNGT
AN, FETT
ZU WERDEN.
SANG AUCH,
BIS ER
MERKTE,
DASS ER'S
NICHT KANN.



**SID
VICIOUS**
DER STRUM-
WELPETER.
AH BASS.
NIEMAND
WEISS, WIE
HOCH ER
SEINE
WURSTFING-
GER VERSICHER-
T HAT.



**PAUL
COOK**
TROMMLER
UND HÄU-
ERBLÜH-
CHEN DER
GRUPPE.



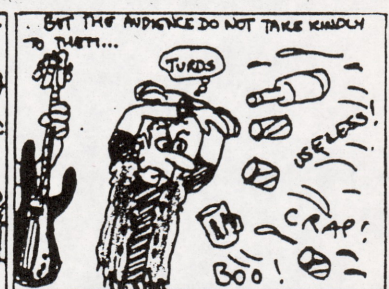
**GLEN
MATLOCK**
DER EHEMA-
LIGE BAS-
SIST. NUN
BEI DEN
RICH KIDS.
FÜR IHN
KLINGEN DIE
PISTOLS HEU-
TE WIE DIE
MONKEES...



Das Jahr 1975 ist noch recht jung, als Malcolm McLaren, ehemals Manager der New York Dolls, in seiner Londoner Sex-Boutique einen blendenden Einfall hat. Nebenan quält nämlich eine Nachwuchsgruppe ihre Instrumente mit alten Hits aus den sechziger Jahren. Was sie zu ihrem Glück noch braucht, ist ein anständig unanständiger Sänger. Den aber kennt McLaren...



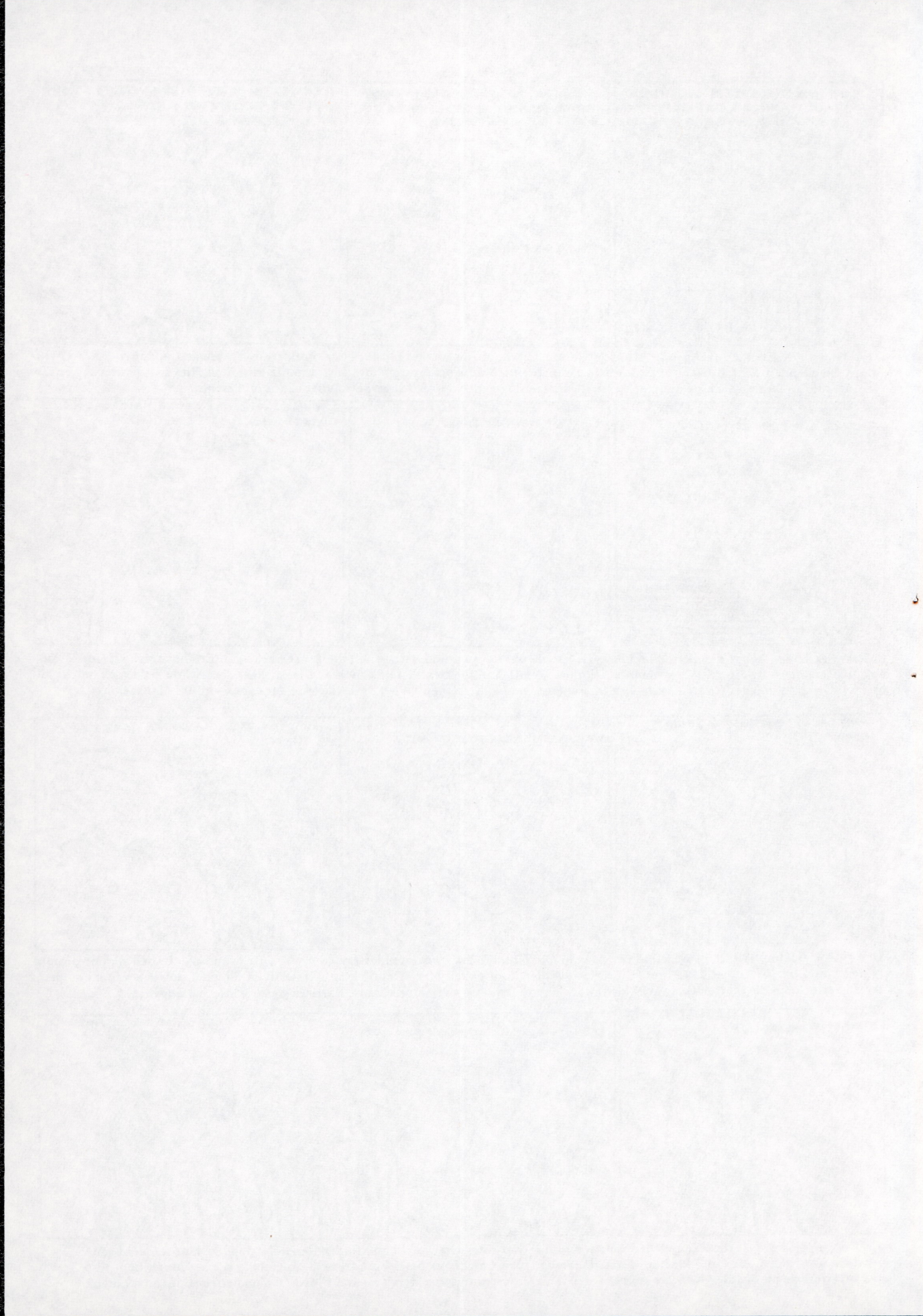
In dem Sex-Laden hängt nämlich immer der verrottete Johnny rum, und dem gefällt die ganze Sache gut. Er klinkt sich an eine Music-box und trainiert fleißig seine sogenannte Stimme. Damit sind die Sex Pistols geboren. Die Musiker sind schon bald nicht mehr zu bremsen, prügeln in jeder freien Minute ihre Instrumente und beherrschen im Nu drei Akkorde. McLaren wird ihr Manager.

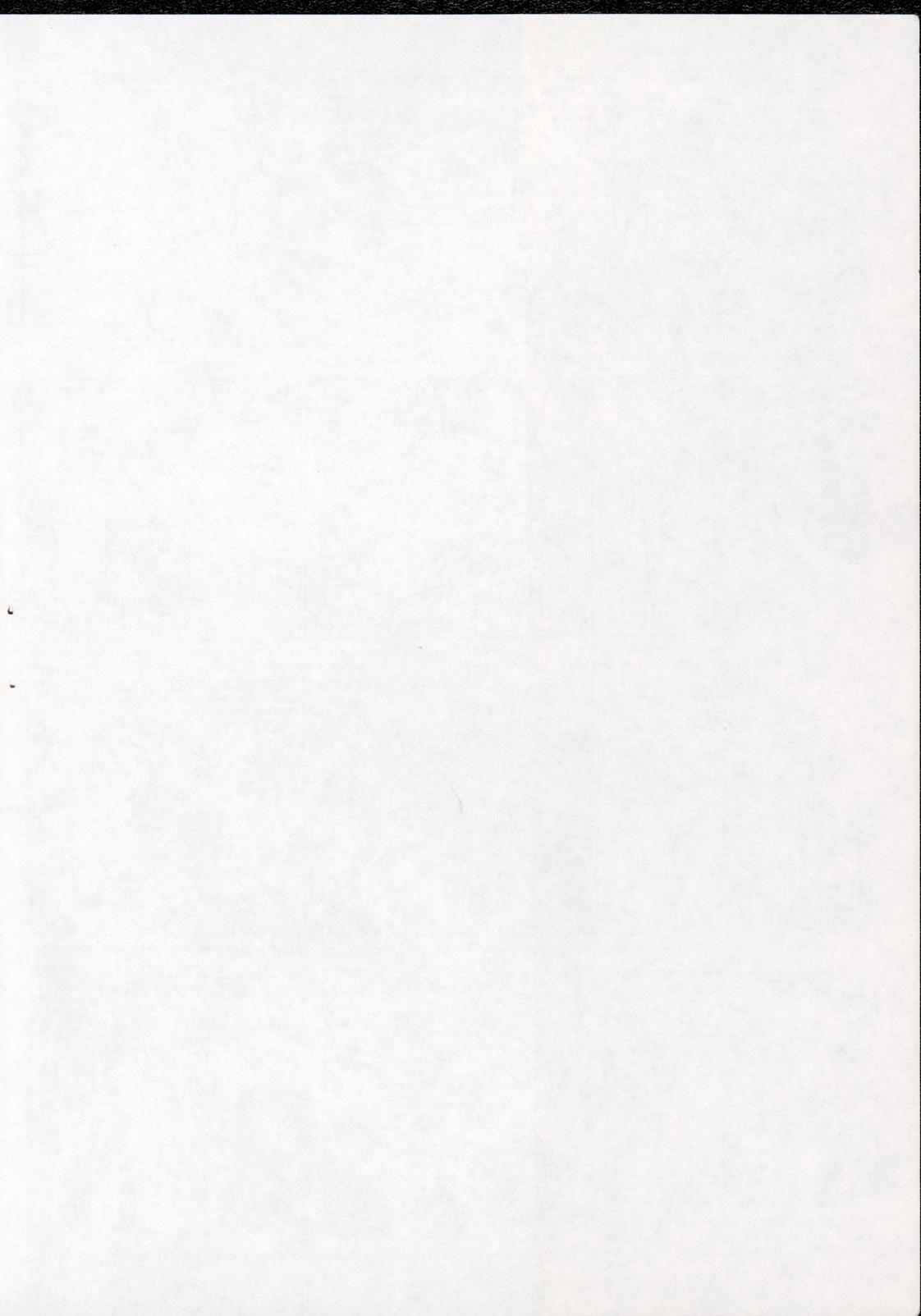


Der gute Malcolm flüstert den Pistols ein paar heiße Tipps für ein unwertendes Image in die Ohren und das Unheil nimmt prompt seinen Lauf: Im November 1975 treten die vier Pistolen zum ersten Mal öffentlich auf. Das Publikum zeigt sich von seiner charman- testen Seite, kann die Rotten-Gang aber nicht dazu überreden, ihre vielversprechende Karriere gleich wieder aufzugeben.



Die Pistols spielen wie vom Teufel besessen vor, immer, sie eine schäbige Bühne finden. Anarcho-Johnny läßt seine Augen aus dem Kopf fallen, und der kleinen Verstärkeranlage bleibt nichts erspart. Eine treue Gefolgschaft wächst heran und pilgert brav von einem Pistolen-Konzert zum anderen. Der Untergrund unter den Yes- und Floyd-Denkmalen beginnt zu wanken.







Die Pop-Schickeria und die Club-Besitzer haben es wahrlich nicht leicht mit Karotten-Johnny und seinem Anhang. Stühle fliegen...



Nach dem Rauschschick aus dem renommierten „Marquee“ finden die Pistolen im „100 Club“ eine neue Bleibe. Ein paar nichtsahnende Programmgestalter holen sie sogar in britische Fernsehen. Johnny Verrottet gibt auf normale Fragen indes unnormale Antworten.



Niemand versteht, daß die Pistols nicht geil auf einen Rolls Royce sind. Unterdessen schlägt sich der wilde Johnny die Zähne ein...



Im September 76 schwimmen die Pistols nach Frankreich und verblüffen mit ihrem perfekten Hochfranzösisch. Und dann schlägt die Bombe ein: Sie erhalten von EMI einen Plattenvertrag. Arme, unwissende EMI...

KNOW THEIR POPULARITY IS RISING



Die Popularität der Sex Pistols wächst immer rascher. Ihre Fans allerdings sind verrufen: wilde Gesellen mit Verbrechervisagen, die nach Auskunft der allwissenden Boulevard-Zeitungen vor nichts zurückschrecken. Das Ende von Britannia naht, so scheint es.



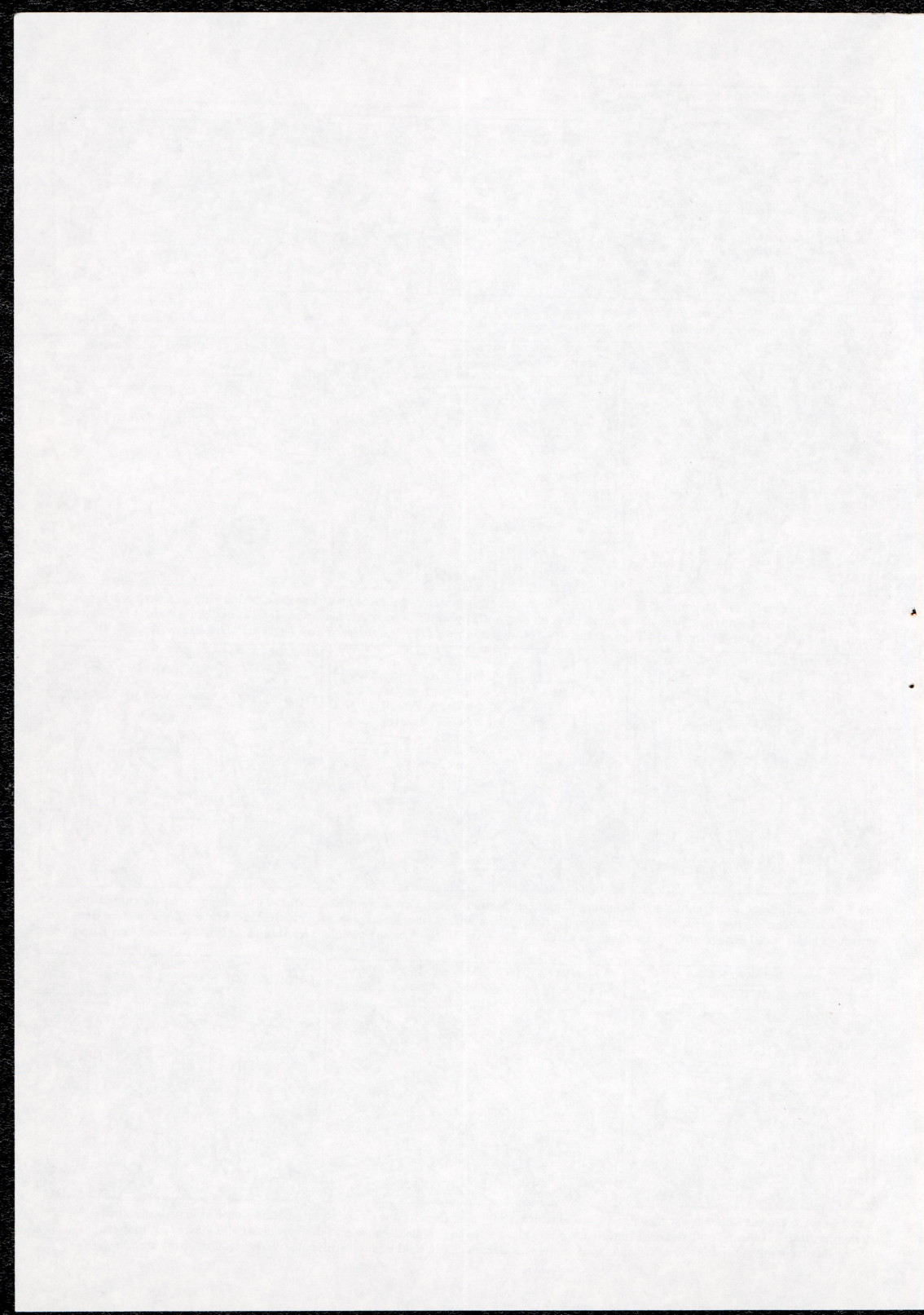
Selbst der bauernschlaue Malcolm McLaren hat in den Anfangstagen der Pistols wohl nicht geahnt, welch eine Attraktion seine Schützlinge für die Medien sind: Im Fernsehen animiert man sie, unflätige Flüche auszustoßen, und die Journalisten verbraten den Skandal dann genüsslich in ihren Blättern. Überhaupt sind die Zeitungen immer dabei: „Lausiger Punk kotzt auf dem Flughafen“ dichten sie z.B.

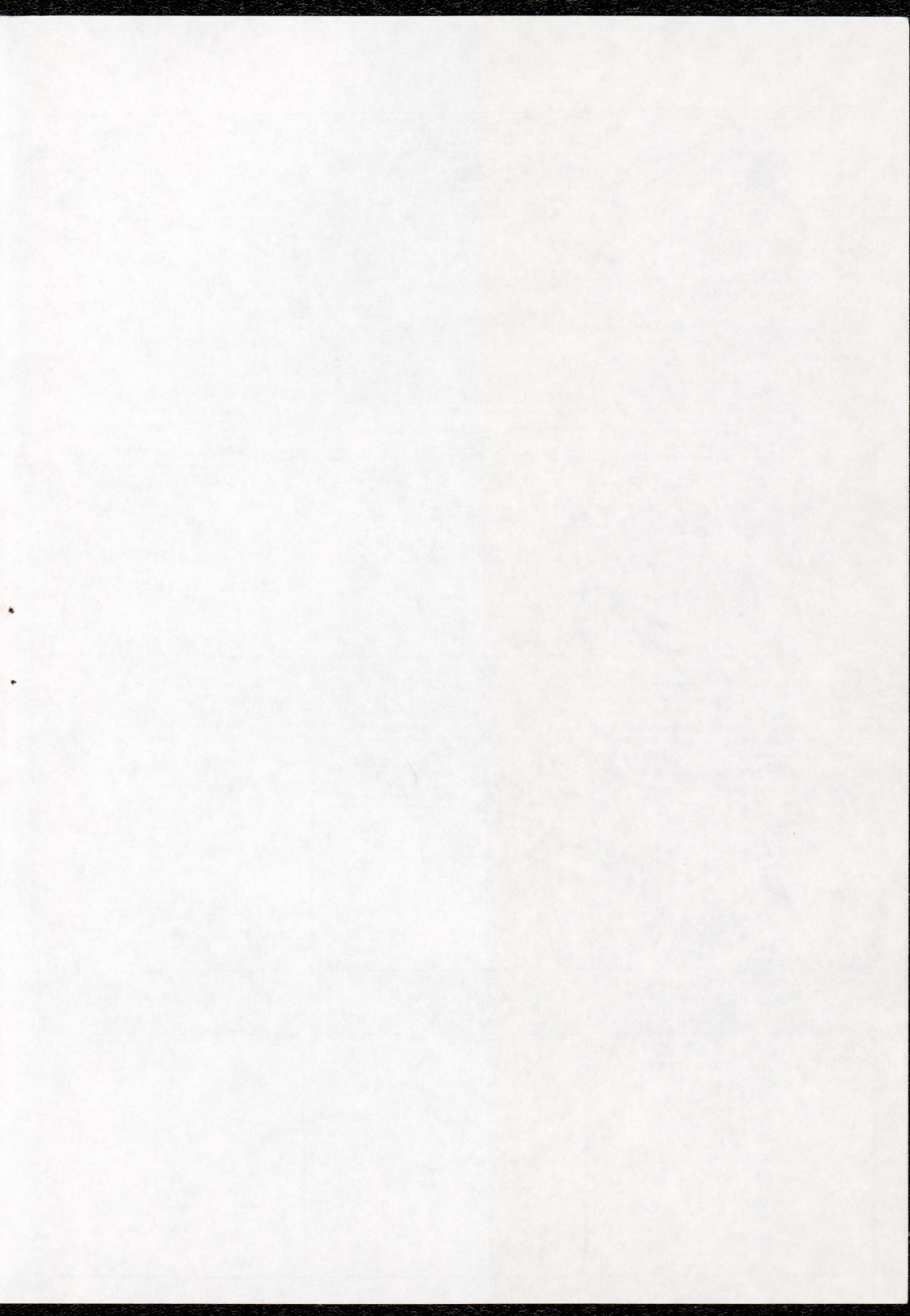


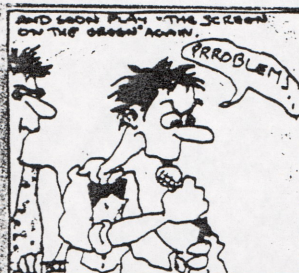
Die Folgen ständiger Berieselung mit Schauergeschichten bleiben nicht aus: Eine große Pistols-Tour durch Großbritannien muß zur Hälfte wieder abgesagt werden. Die Manager der Konzerthallen zittern vor Angst wie Espenlaub. Und brave Bürger wollen dem Treiben der Pistols nicht länger untätig zusehen. „Anarchy“, die erste Single, kommt auf die schwarze Liste und läuft nicht im Rundfunk.



Auch bei den Pistols knirscht es: Baßmann Glen Matlock steigt aus. Es geht das Gerücht, seine Mami habe ihm verboten, mit dem verrotteten Johnny und seinen Freunden weiterhin zu spielen... Glücklicherweise denken nicht alle Mütter so, und ein neuer Bassist wird gefunden: Sid Vicious. Und noch was passiert: Die EMI schmeißt die Pistols raus, A&M holt sie rein...



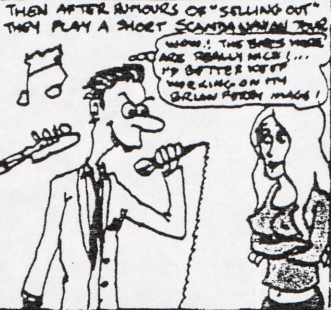




Auch bei A&M wird man allerdings nicht glücklich mit den Sex Pistols. Nach einigen wenigen Tagen feuert die Company sie wieder raus. Die Pistols fragen sich, wem sie das alles wohl zu verdanken haben. Dem TV-Moderator Bill Grundy, der sie öffentlich fluchen ließ? Oder dem Musikjournalisten Giovanni D'Adamo vom "New Musical Express", der ihr Leben ständig ins Rampenlicht zerrt?

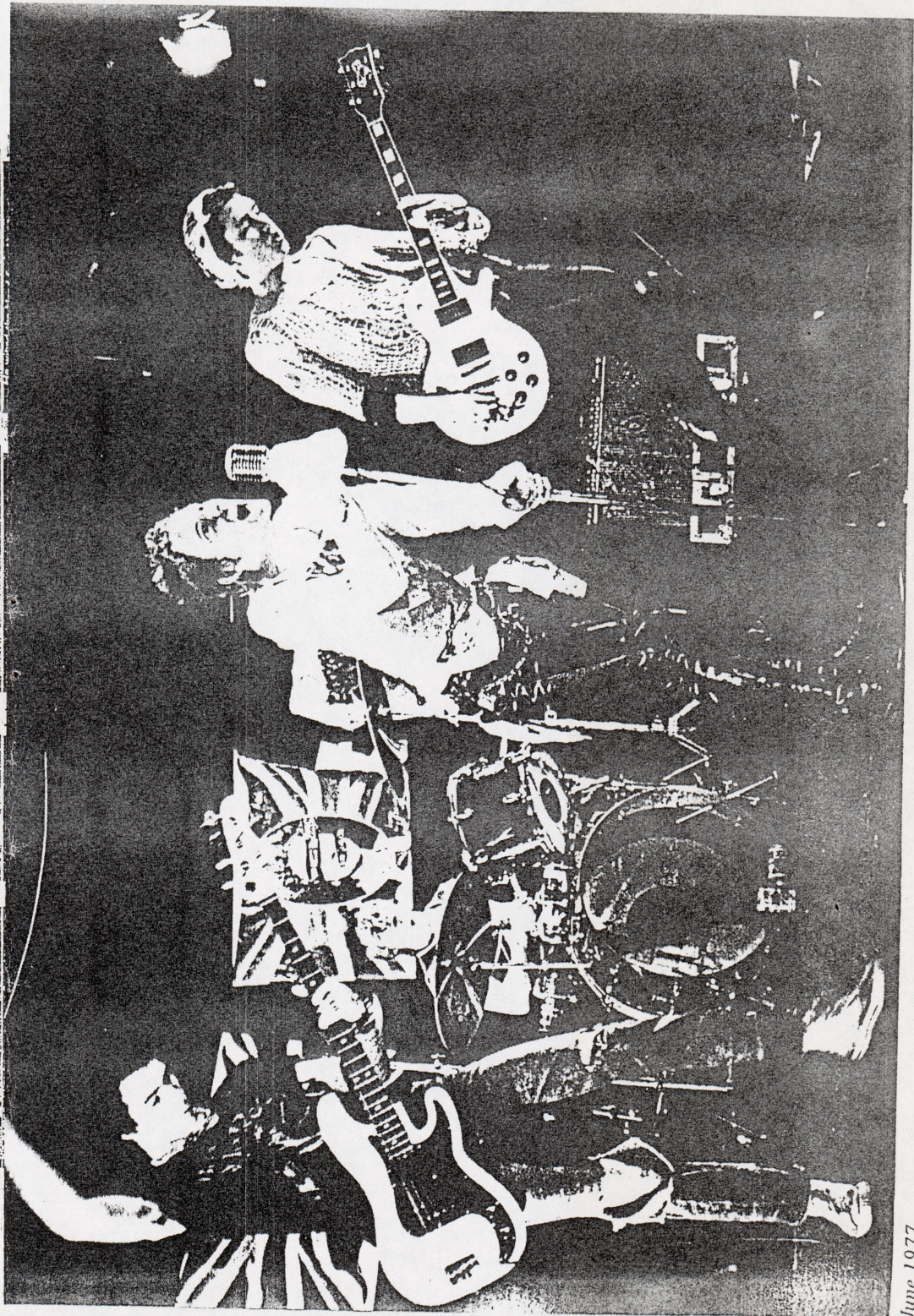


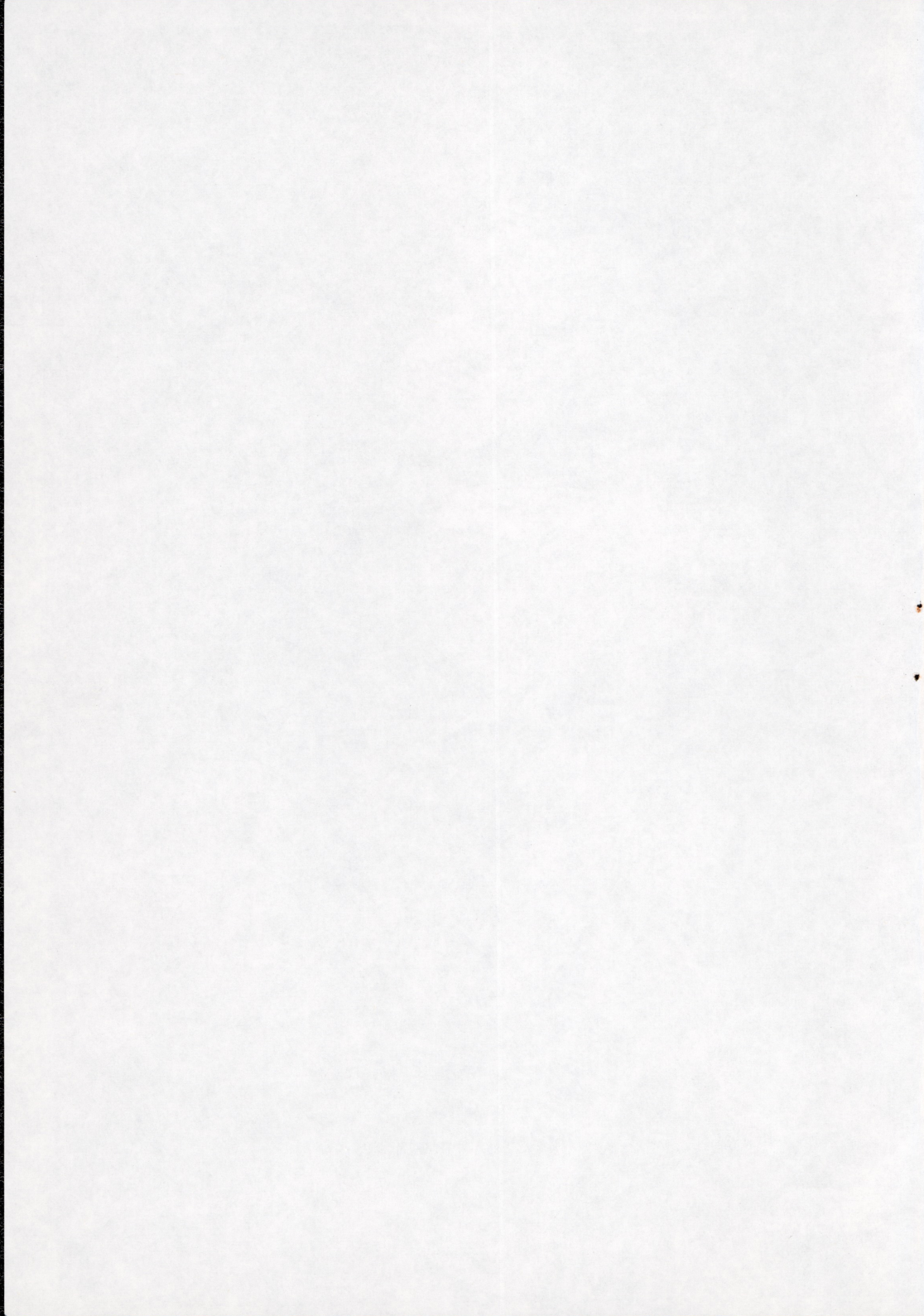
Egal. Virgin Records lassen sich nicht schocken, nehmen die Pistols unter Vertrag und veröffentlichen anstelle von "A Million Miles High" die Single "God Save The Queen", die schnell Nummer 1 in den Hitlisten wird. Weil das Leben plötzlich wieder weitergeht, feiern die Pistols auf einem Boot, auf der Themse eine große Party. Darauf hat die Polizei nur gewartet: Sie rächt den ganzen Laden, sang, oh wie

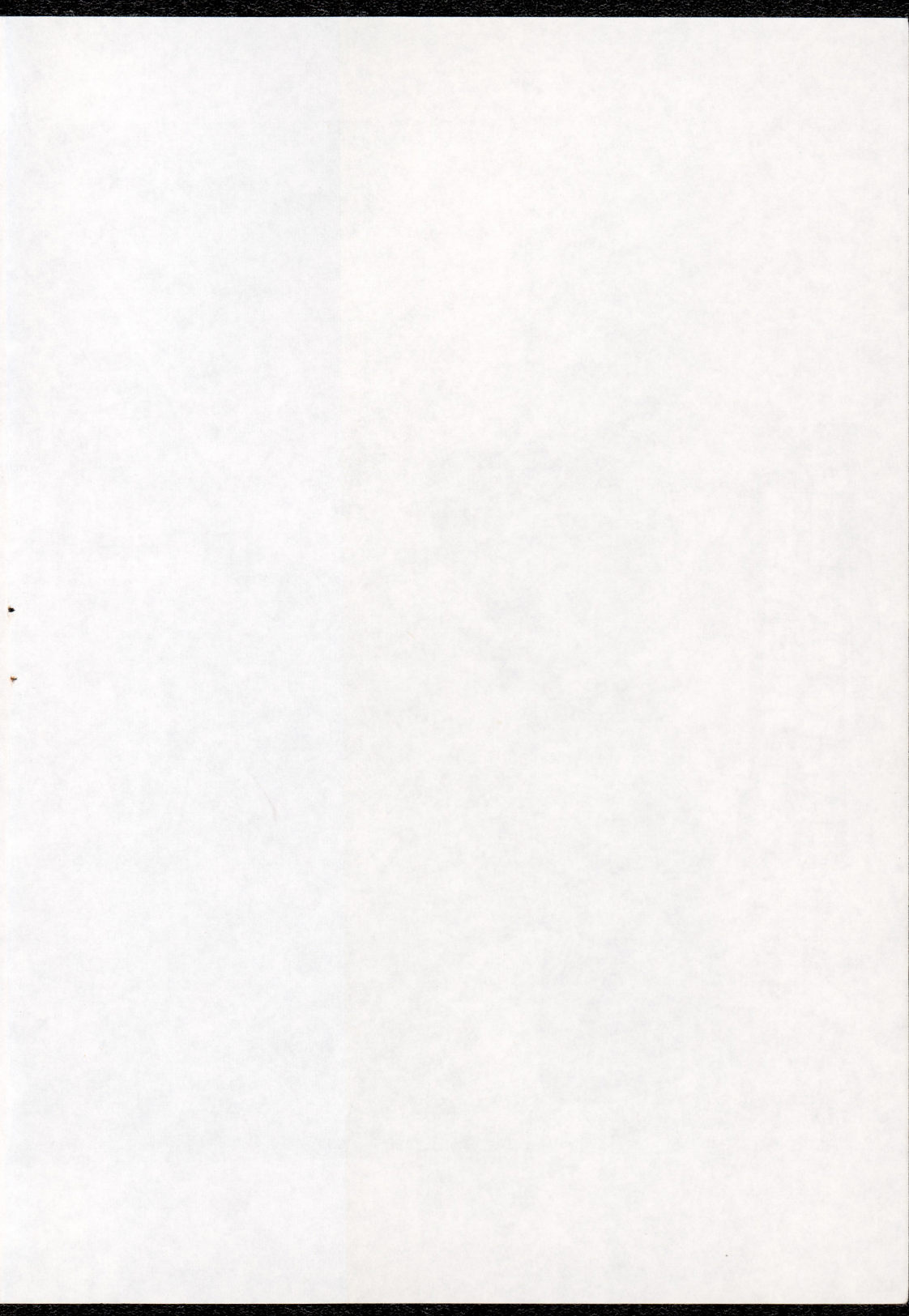


Aber all das kann die Pistols nicht mehr bremsen. Auch das sie auf offener Straße eins in die Presse kriegern schockt sie nicht. Der Erfolg ihrer Platten stimmt sogar Rundfunk und Fernsehen um, die plötzlich Angst haben, den fahrenden Zug zu verpassen. Die Pistols erobern, unterdessen, Skandinavien und McLaren macht sich auf Amerika auf seine Jungen vorzubereiten. Warten wir also ab...

FILL IN THE REST OF THIS STRIP YOURSELF AS FUTURE EVENTS CRISP UP...







LESSON

How To Diversify Your Business.



JULIAN TEMPLE (DIRECTOR) went to Cambridge University "for the same reasons as one applies for an American Express Card". Attended National Film School "as though I didn't have to wait 20 years". The Great Rock and Roll Swindle was his graduation film. Since then he has made punk cut-rate art, featuring the UK Subs and narrated by John Sledge, who once declared "The end of World War II is the end of the world". He is the radio and TV spokesman for Churchill's speeches while it was still on.

— Virgin Publicity, 1980

The last of the musician-assassins was crawling along rooftops overlooking Cor-tobello Road. He was looking for his airship. He was certain he'd left it in the vicinity of Vernon's Yard.

"Bugger," he muttered. "Oh, bugger." He was not feeling at one with himself. Every so often a demonic grin, a memory, crossed his poor, ravaged face.

"Why am I always getting mixed up with bloody bands? What's happened to my complicated vocabulary of ideas? Why do I prefer rock and roll?"

It was familiar stuff to him. Flies clustered around a faded chimney stack, rising as he groined. "Monica?" His mind cast about for any anchor. "Mum?"

His Cuban heels scraped slate. Something fell away from him and smashed in the street. The sun was rising.

He drew a scratched single from the pocket of his black car coat and put it close to his eyes, studying it as if it were a map.

He was crying. The flies hissed rhythmically. A stuck needle. He held on to the chimney, pulling himself up, his feet slipping.

There had to be something better than this.

The Uncertain Ego

"Passion feeds passion and then we are left with a small death," Mr Bug's representative was trying to comfort Miss Brunner.

She stared at the strangled corpse. A young man in a trenchcoat and a trilby stopped backwards.

"Is anyone really dying?" she asked. "Or are we all just very tired?"

"Some of you are really dying. I'm afraid," Mr Bug's representative plucked at his mouth-tube. "Time is Time, no matter how much you struggle against it."

"Then we're done for."

"I haven't come to any conclusions about that," He was apologetic. "I'm honestly only an observer."

"You've interfered."

"I've taken an interest. It's the best I can offer."

Miss Brunner shrugged him away. A whistle blew.

"I'm getting off this train," she said.

Mr Bug's representative made a peculiar gesture with his right glove.

"There'll be another one along in a minute."

Difficult Love

Very sluggishly, the airship was lifting. The last of the musician-assassins lay spreadeagled on the floor of the gondola. A faint tape was playing Silly Thing.

"It's what the public wanted," murmured the assassin. "Or at least some of them. I did my best. It was good while it lasted."

The ship gently bumped against a church steeple. He pulled himself to a window. He recognised Powys Square. There was a bonfire.

Something bit at his groin.

He scratched.

Framed against the flames, a tartan-dad figure and a dwarf were dancing.

"I think I'm missing all the fun again," said the assassin.

He switched on his engine.

It faltered. He was apologetic.

He tried again.

Something clicked.

The Laughing Policeman

"We're going to have to split up," said Miss Brunner firmly. Her colleagues had realised enough to get off the train and sit, shivering, on the platform seat.

"I think I have already," said Frank.

Besley wringed a wrapper off a Mars. "You mean diversify, don't you?" Bishop

chinnegrate?" said Frank, thinking of himself as usual.

Miss Brunner had recovered a bit of her composure.

"McLaren is the only one who will know how to deal with all this. So much of it is his fault."

"Oh, come on," said Frank. "We were us undereath. He pretends to be a revolutionary, but he's really just an ordinary young man on the way up."

Miss Brunner shook her head. "In different ways, Mr Cornelius, you're as glib as your brother. We're facing a genuine attempt to take power."

"The Pistol."

Familiar Air

There must have been something in the marketing, said Steve. He stood in the deserted office complex holding a picture without a lens. "Badges and that. T-shirts."

There's a lot to be made from marketing, agreed Helen of Troy. "Posters. Programmes. People get a good profit off all that. Special books."

"Masks. Sweets."

"The up marketing and it's far less hassle than actually managing a band," said Helen. She had seen it all. "Often a better turnover. And there are no people to get in the way and spoil things."

"Maybe the marketing company could pay me wages."

"Ah, well. It's a separate organisation, you see. They would if they could. But they have their accounts."

"Maybe I should look at their accounts."

"Only accountants understand accounts. You need an accountant to check it for you."

"A lawyer?"

"A lawyer and an accountant's what you need."

"To keep an eye on the manager?"

"It isn't as simple as that, Steve."

"Of course not, you idiot. You very rarely get that sort of trouble from the musicians. They want different things, most of them. Subtler things."

"The Pistols want subtler things," Bishop Besley appeared to be trying to reconduct him.

"That's hard to believe," said Frank.

Miss Brunner yawned and glanced away. "At least they're all good looking."

"I haven't been well," said Frank. "What's this about breaking up?"

"Diversifying," said Bishop Besley. There was a peculiar lack of noise around the station. The train had long since pulled away.

"Splitting up," she said. "To find them."

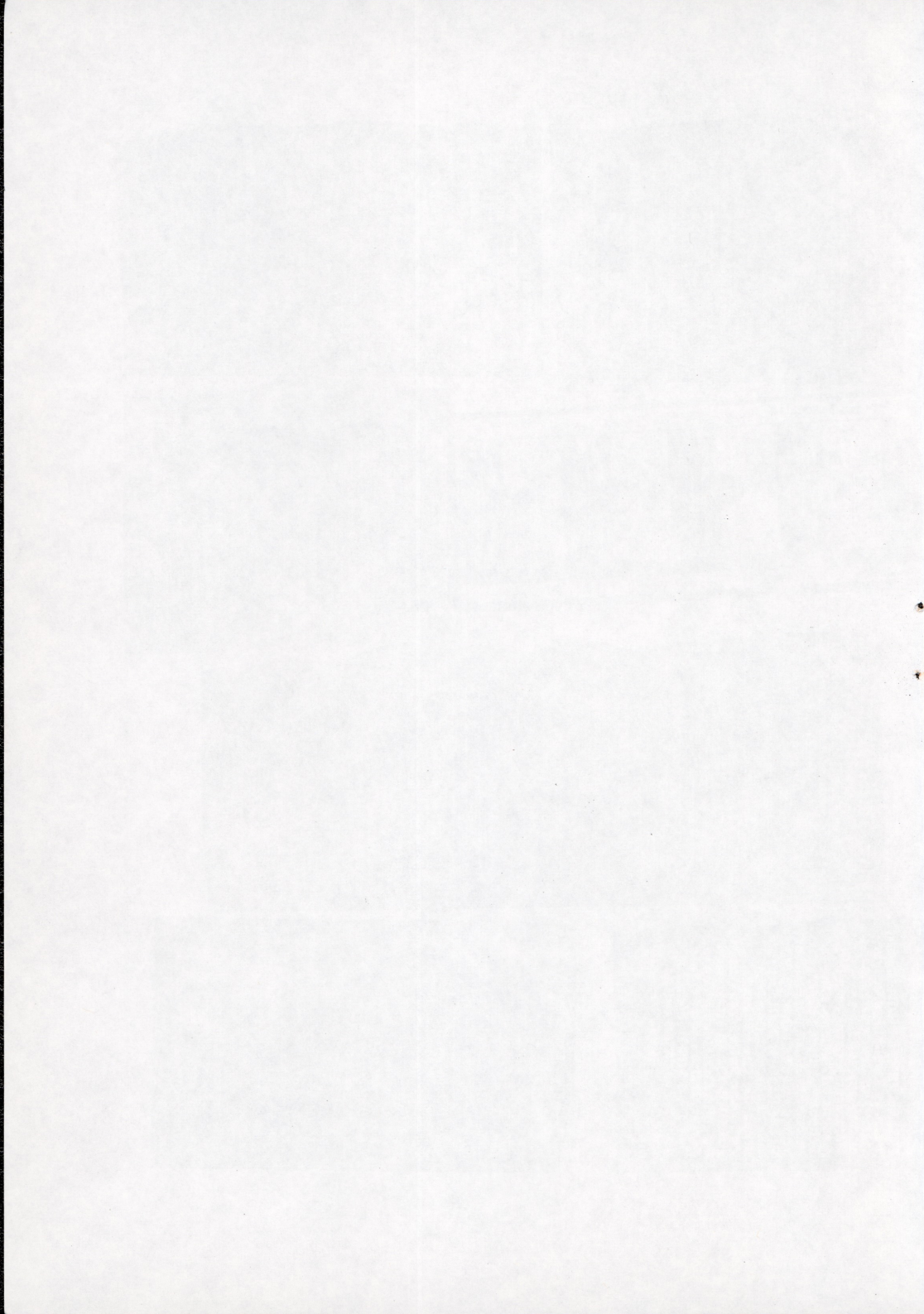
"What?" said Frank. He watched a butterfly settle on the track.

"Divine," she said.

"Divide and Rule," said Bishop Besley. Where in hell are we, anyway?

He began to snore. Miss Brunner peered into the countryside.

"Is that real, do you think? It's such a long time since I've been anywhere."

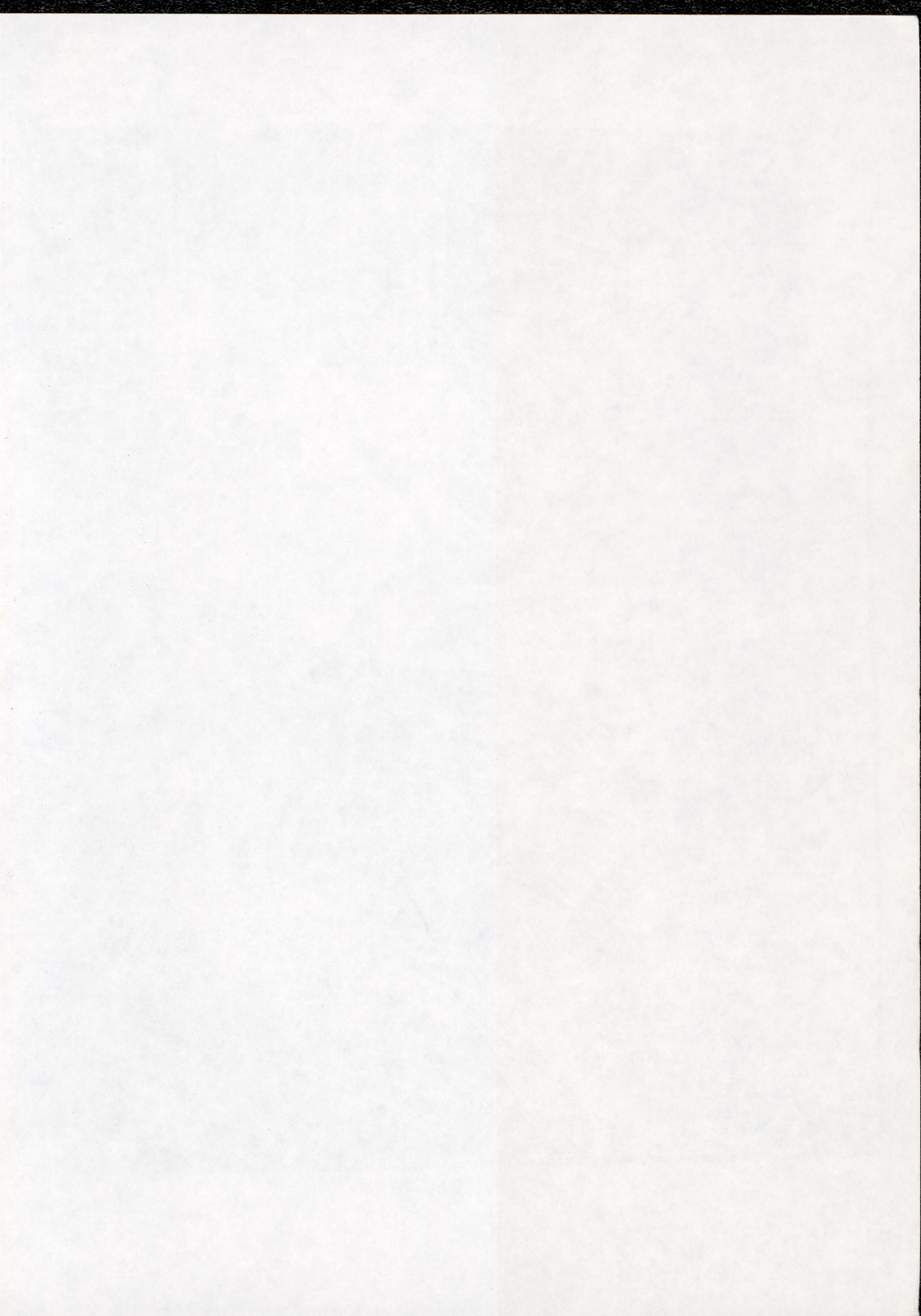


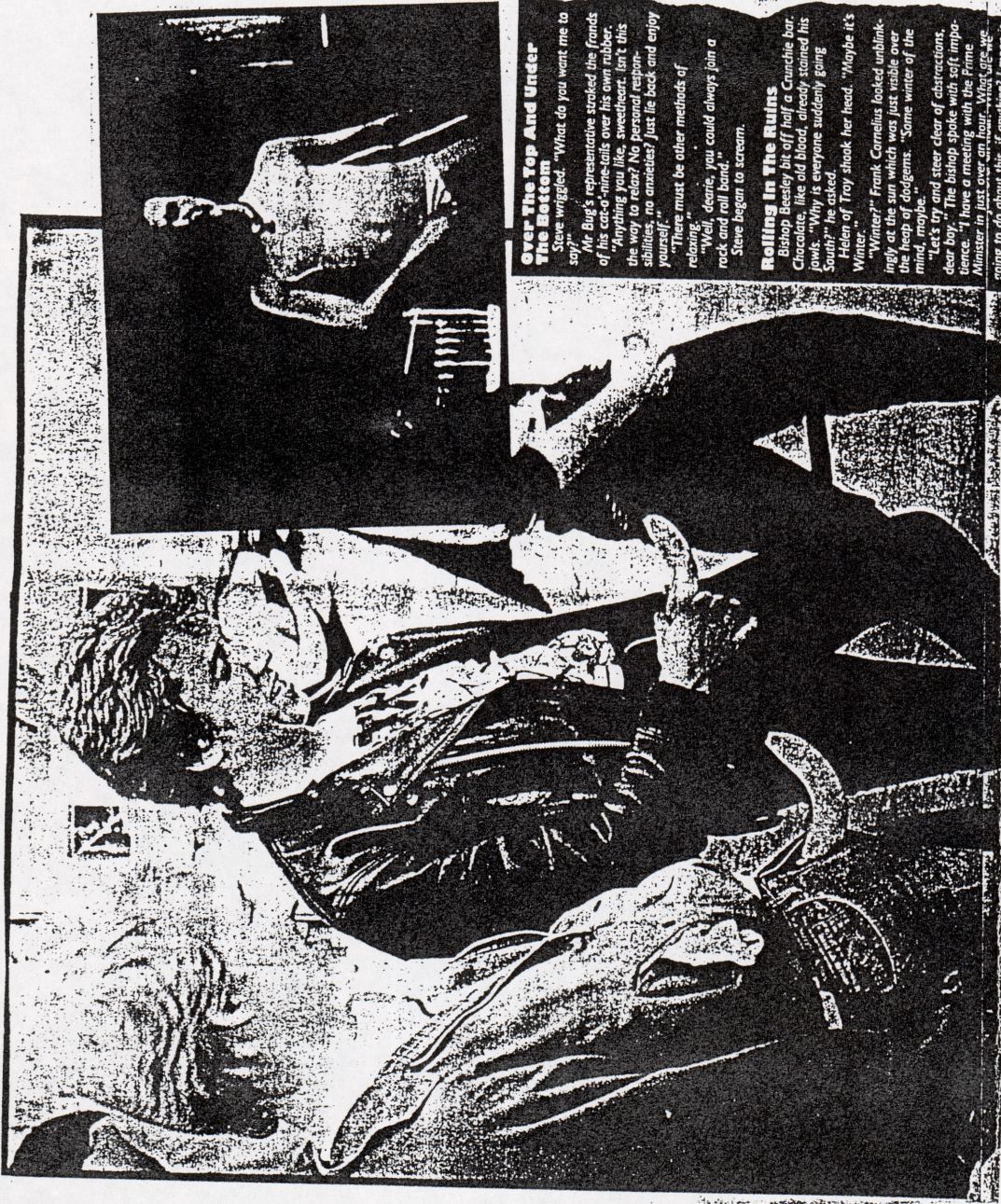
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Over The Top And Under The Bottom

Steve wriggled. "What do you want me to say?"

Mr Bug's representative stroked the fronds of his cat-a-nine-tails over his own rubber. "Anything you like, sweetheart. Isn't this the way to relax? No personal responsibilities, no amnesia? Just lie back and enjoy yourself."

"There must be other methods of relating."

"Well, dearie, you could always join a rock and roll band."

Steve began to scream.

Rolling In The Ruins

Bishop Beasley bit off half a Crumie bar. Chocolate, like old blood, already stained his jowls. "Why is everyone suddenly going South?" he asked.

Helen of Troy shook her head. "Maybe it's Winter."

"Winter?" Frank Cornelius looked unblinkingly at the sun which was just visible over the heap of dogdams. "Same winter of the mind, maybe."

"Let's try and steer clear of abstractions, dear boy." The bishop spoke with soft impudence. "I have a meeting with the Prime Minister in just over an hour. What suggestions do you have?"

Frank Cornelius looked unblinkingly at the sun which was just visible over the heap of dogdams. "Same winter of the mind, maybe."

"Let's try and steer clear of abstractions, dear boy." The bishop spoke with soft impudence. "I have a meeting with the Prime Minister in just over an hour. What suggestions do you have?"

"Are you a virgin, love?" The voice was greasy with sentiment.

"It depends where you mean."

"Enjoy life while you can, darling. This whole place is due to go up in a few hours. Insurance."

"Aren't the tapes all here?"

"Every single copy, my beauty."

"They must be worth something."

"They're worth more if they're destroyed. Didn't you ever realise that. The harder things are to get, the more valuable they are. If they don't exist at all, they become infinitely valuable."

"Is that a fact. Tee hee."

"There, darling. You are ticklish."

"Did you want to see Mr Bug?"

"Mr Bug anything like you?"

"I'm only his representative. I'm an amateur compared to him."

"Then I'm not sure I want to see him. Can I go home now?"

"And where's home?"

"I suppose you've got a point." Steve lay back on the desk. He might as well get the most out of this.

Mr Bug's representative's breath hissed within his mind. "Now you're really going to make a record."

He reached for a large jar of vapour rub.

Punk Disc Is Terrible Says Earl Chief

The black flag was flying over the Nashville Rooms. There must have been another temporary seizure of power. Outside in the street groups of hardcore punks, lookalikes for most of the Sex Pistols in their heyday, scrawled A on every available surface. They weren't sure what it meant but they knew they had to do it.

Nestor Makino rode up in his buggy. He had never been much of a horseman since his foot was wounded. His woolly hat was falling over his eyes. The rest of his anarchist Cossacks looked as worn-out as he did. Their ponies were old and hardly able to stand.

"I think we might be too late," Makino guided the buggy round to the side entrance. From inside came the sound of chanting. "Is this what we fought Trotsky for?"

One of his lieutenants fired a ghostly pistol into the air. Its sound was faint, and drowned by the noise from within. "Comrades!" They can't hear us," said Makino. "Is this what we all died for?"

The Fucking Rotten

The former Johnny Rotten tried to focus on Nestor Makino as best he could. The little Ukrainian was almost wholly transparent now.

"Don't you think we can do it through music?"

"Persuade the public," said Makino thinly. "We had an education train. But do they ever know that the power rests in them?"

"They never seem to want it."

"They don't want responsibility."

"And that's why managers exist."

"I'll be seeing you..." said Makino, fading.

"That's more than I can say for you," the former Johnny Rotten reached for his Krapotkin. Maybe it could still work. Maybe it was already working on some level.

You Never Listen To A Word I Say

Something was collapsing.

Miss Brunner picked at her hair and blouse.

"The more childish you are, the more you scow. Throw enough mantrams and they'll pay anything to get rid of you."

Frank looked mildly about. "Are you sure this place is as badly about."

"Safe enough."

He lay tucked up in bed surrounded by Snow White and the Seven Dwarves wallpapers, Paddington Bear decals, Oz and Rupert books.

"I can hear a sort of breaking up sound. Can't you?"

"It's in your mind," she said. "How much should we invest, do you think, in that new bond?"

"We haven't got any money."

"Neither are they."

"Then it's all bit in the air, isn't it?"

"Big money but exists in big companies. It just sits there waiting out."

"No," said Frank. "No more. I've been worried off. I'm frightened. The City is involved. They can do things to you."

"Mr. Bug has scored the shit out of you, Frank."

"How did you know about the shit?"

City Lights

The Cossacks, by now hardly visible even to one another, had reached The Rainbow and were surrounding it. Their black flag had turned to a faint grey. They were getting despondent.

Determinedly, they rode their horses into the venue, able to pass through the audience as if they did not exist. On stage Queen were displaying the virtues of production over talent. Thousands of pounds worth of equipment was manipulated to produce the desired effect. It was a tribute to technology.

Makino cried into the empty megawatts: "Brothers and Sisters! Brothers and Sisters!"

A young man with longish hair and a "No Nukes" T-shirt turned, then raised his fist at the stage.

"Freedom!" he cried.

The volume began to rise.

Will The Sex Pistols Be Tomorrow's Beatles?

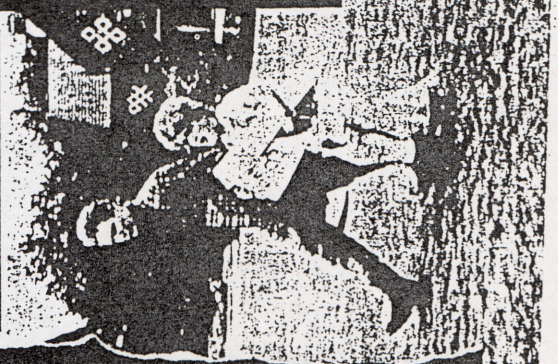
Back at the Café Hovvix Nestor Makino took a long drink from his bottle of absinthe. He was shaking his head.

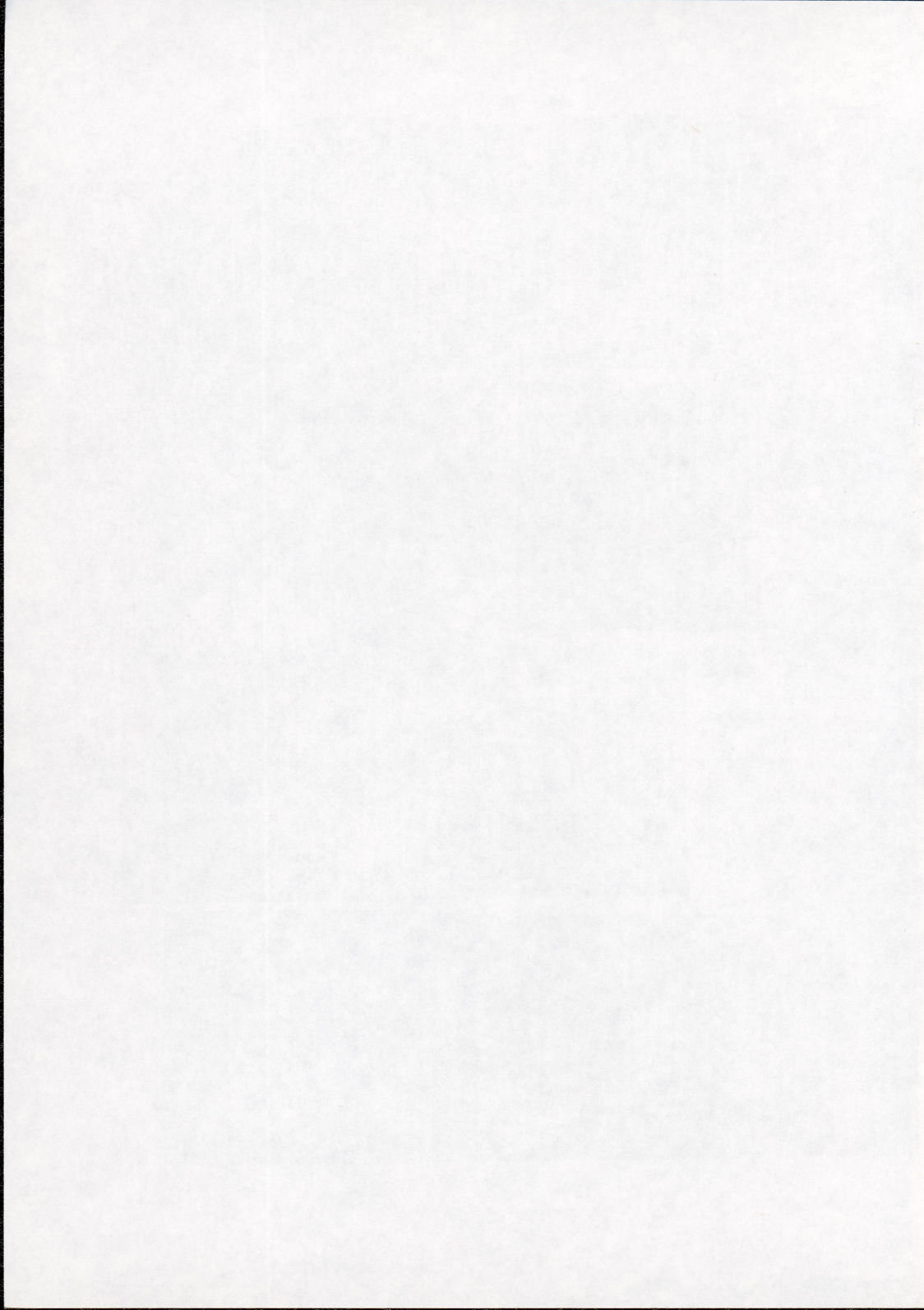
"Didn't you like any of the gigs?" asked Sid.

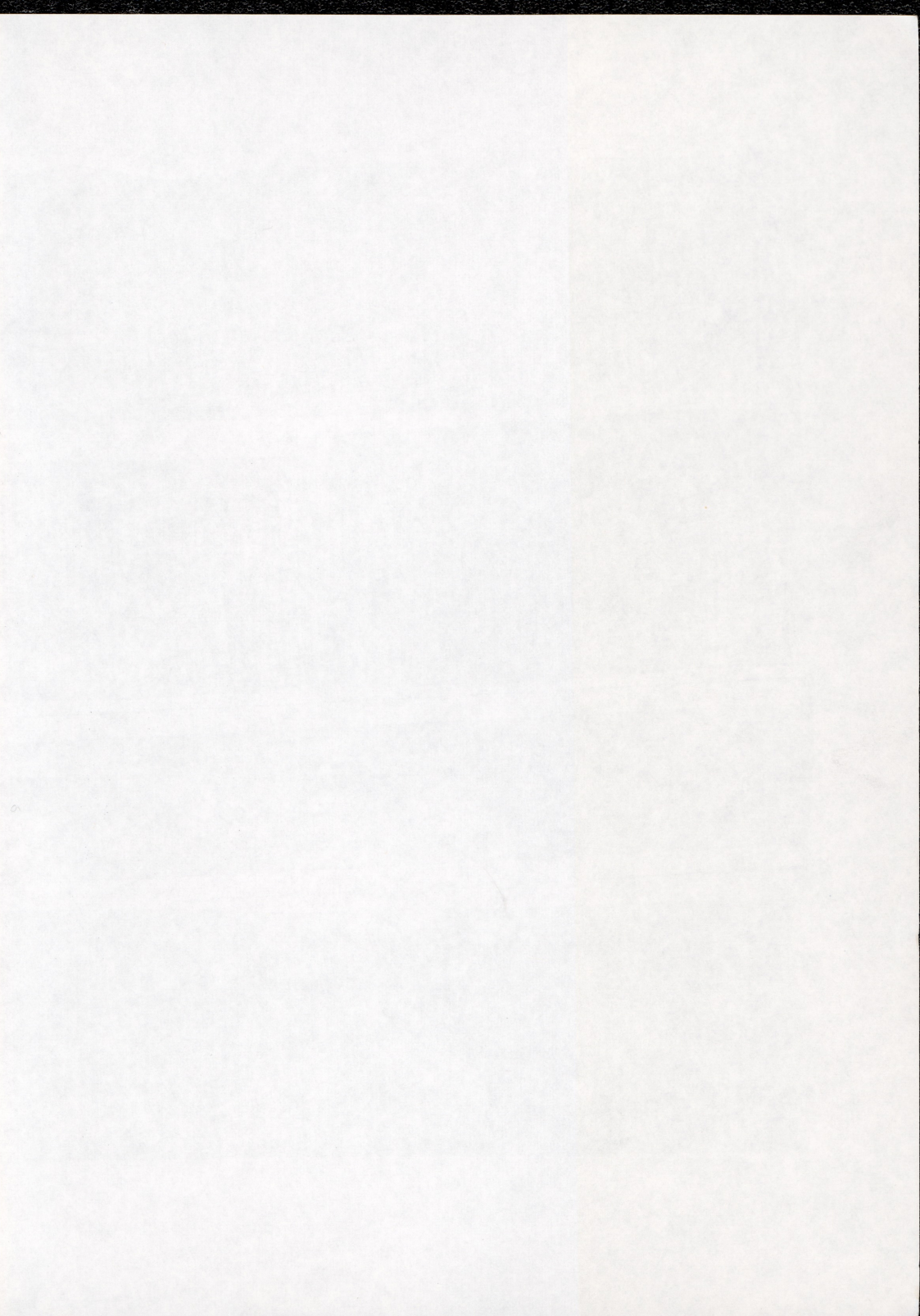
"I didn't see anything I liked. At first I'd hoped — you know, the audiences."

Makino fell back in his chair. "But there was nothing there for us to do."

"Don't despair," said Shelley. "Here's a rumour the Sex Pistols are going to reform. After all, they're more popular now than they ever were."







Dead Loyal

Mrs. Cornelius stuck her neck through her strap. "I'll tell yer the truth, Tempole, I'm glad ter be back at me regular job. 'Ows business?"

"What?" said Tempole. "Not 'ow — wat." She flashed her tarch on and off. "Somebody's got ter earn a livin'."

She paused at the door of the auditorium. "O' course, it's in troubled times like these, people see a good picture, don't they?"

"Killed," said Tempole.

"Oh, yeah. That, too."

Before she could go through, Mr Bug's representative entered.

"Everything all right here?"

"Lovely," she said. She had never liked the look of him.

"Plenty of stock?"

"Ask Tempole."

"Any more handcauffs? Whips? Lengths of chain?"

"We're off right for most o' that, far as I know," she said. "But it's Tempole does the stock, doncher, love?"

"We've got to look after the housewives," said Mr Bug's representative. "Can't have them getting bored, can we?"

Mrs. Cornelius frowned at him. He seemed to be attempting a joke.

"Are you the usual felah?" she asked.

"I'm filling in for him."

"You given't — I mean, it's not a takeover, or nuffink?"

"Just a change of territory. It'll all settle back to normal soon. Are you sure you don't need any more gags?"

Mrs. Cornelius uttered, "Not if they're anyfink like their last one."

Mr Bug's representative didn't get it.

"What do you need?" he said. "You must need some replacements."

"New feet," said Mrs. Cornelius, "would be nice."

He looked at her shoes.

"Something elegant in rubber?"

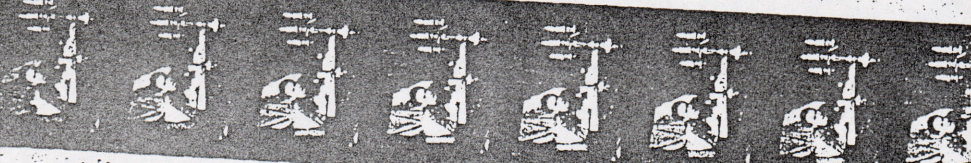
She turned back towards the doors.

"I've got them in the car."

"It's no good," she said him. "I've ter rely on the National Edith."

"Business is bad all round at the moment, even in entertainment. I remember when you couldn't go wrong in entertainment, so long as there was plenty of crisis and stuff. Cash from Chasid, ah?"

"It's not the same as entropy. Not super-



Voices in The Night

The clasp was clinking over the debris near the river. People had already set up sails and were selling various souvenirs: bits of ships, parts of planes, twisted angles.

"Get your genuine Prince Philip badges," authentic, "Gatten's safety pins. All fresh Gogli!"

Not a lot had changed.

He watched the shadow of his own ship as it passed over the rains, over the dirty water, over the collapsed bridges.

He was feeling blue.

"I need," he murmured, "I need."

But his memory was faring again. He had seen too many alternatives. All the directions were screwed up. All the posts and all the fences. They rarely seemed to make a decent brass, which was only what he'd been aiming for. A bit of relief. But Time resisted me, a killer, finally.

"Time's a killer," he said. He tried to turn up his volume, but the music remained a whisper.

With an effort he moved the wheel and set a course for what had once been Derry and Tom's Famous Roof Garden. Now it was some sort of path nightclub. He had relinquished his interest in 19—

He had all but relinquished his interest in the 20th century.

He checked his instruments.

"There's never a World War Three around what you need one."

Please Leave The State In The Toilet In Which You Would Wish To Find It

Sid had lost another game of pool at the Café Hendrix. He went over to a window seat and looked out into the grey mist of a rainy day.

"I don't think it's going to clear up," said Alfred, Card Byron, arm in arm with Gene Vincent. They had been having a medical discourse. "Don't mope, lad. You didn't do so badly. And think of all those Sid is innocent badges they won't be able to sell now."

"What about all the Sid Still Lives badges they will be able to sell?"

"There's lot more money in death, these days, than there was when I coughed it," said Shelly. "Although I didn't do any harm to the poor yalzes. Just think what they could have done for me! I did get a funeral pyre, though, and all that. Shelly posters would be."

Grumbling Bums

Miss Brunner sighed with pleasure. "What a terrible trip. I'm glad to be home."

"We achieved nothing," Frank complained. "Not true, darling. We found out certain things by a process of elimination."

"It was a widgouse chase."

"It was a field trip. Trust me, darling."

She stroked her CRYPTIC. "We'll just feed in what we know and then run another complete programme. Be a good boy, Frank, and put the kettle on."

Bishop Beasley said: "You still think we might be able to get the concessions."

"We've the experience and the knowhow."

"Show me a product, bishop, and I'll show you a profit in a very short while. How have I managed to stay in business so long? We'll need a few ideas to show McLaren."

"But we can't find him. No-one can find him."

"Wait until he hears what we have to show him."

"You're an incurable optimist, Miss Brunner," said Bishop Beasley. He began to force a chocolate orange into his mouth.

Remixing

The assassin opened the door and manhandled the bomb out. He watched it sail down towards the new estate opposite Rough Trade in Kensington Park Road.

It landed with a clang in the street. People began to come out of their doors and look at it.

Forces stared up at the last of the m... assassins. He spread his hands.

"Sorry."

"It's a dud?" shouted the grocer.

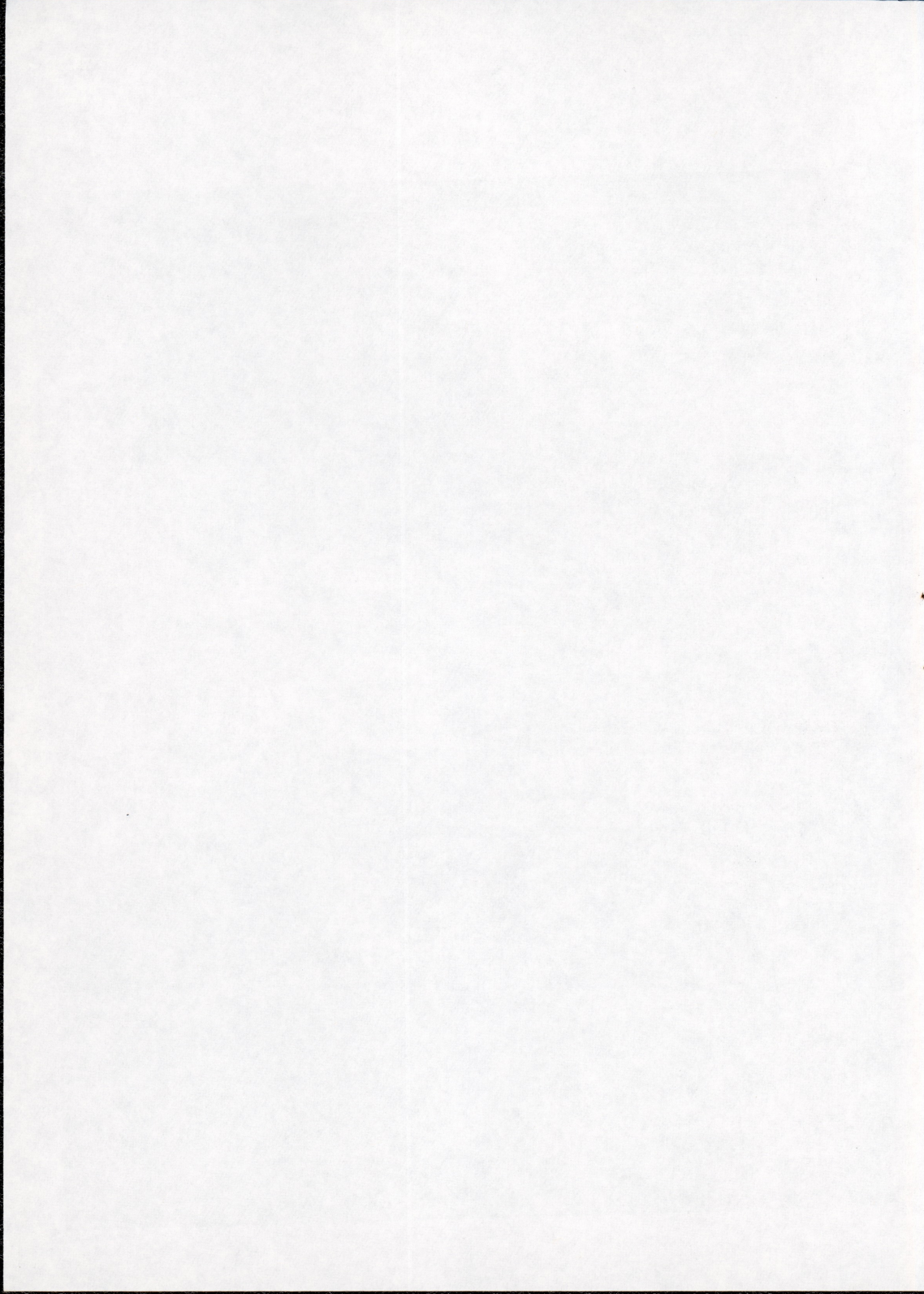
"I was told it would go off. The assassin shrugged. "Win a few and lose a few, eh?"

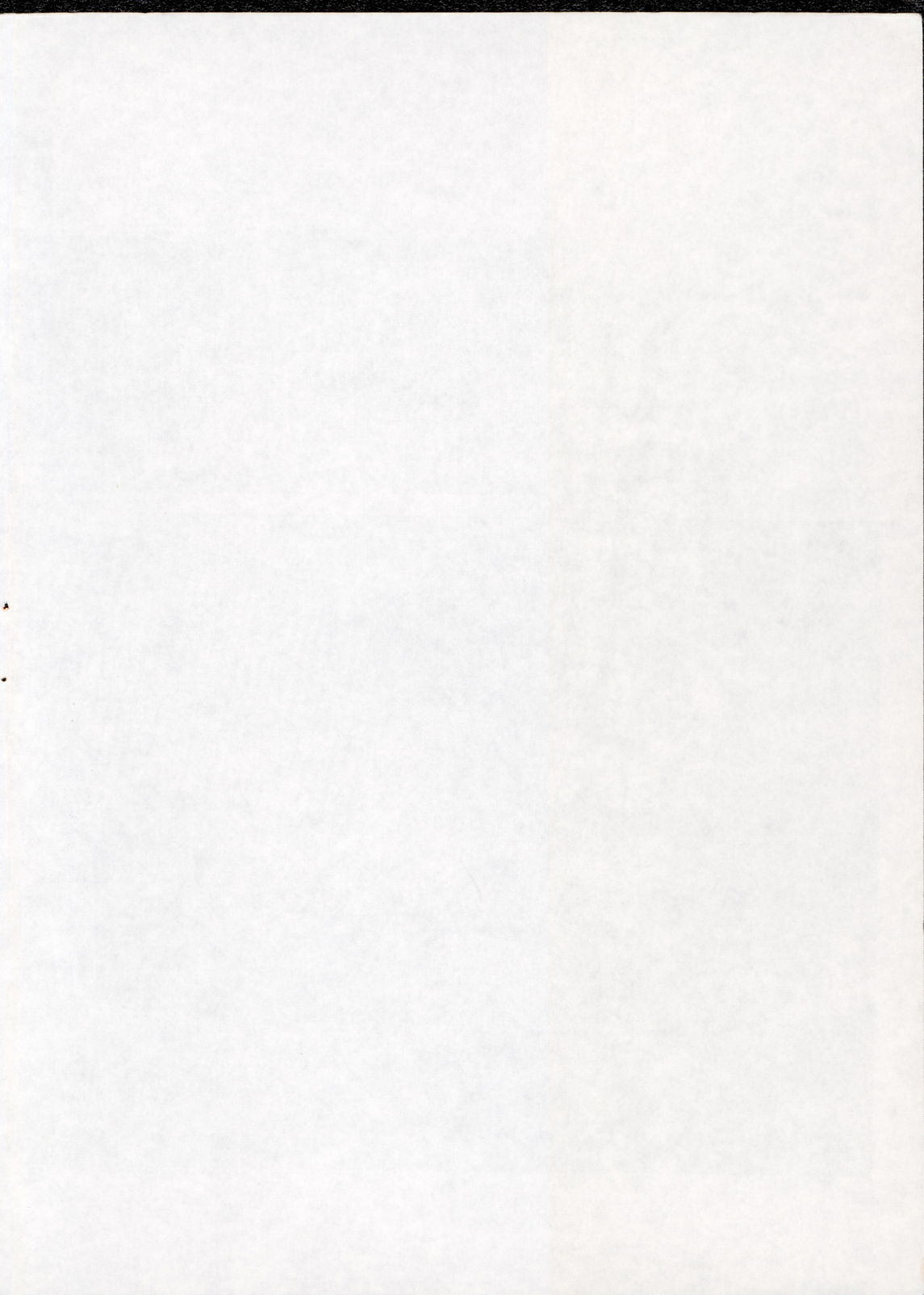
"What a lovely bit of fragmentation."

"I'm having a spot of trouble
with my tubes. It's hard to remain attached.
Do you find that?"
"Ask Bessie Alice in bleedin'
Wunderbolyland," said Mrs. Cornelius. She
sniffed. "Bimney! You can't call pong."
"Pong," said Tenpole.
"Air Bug's representative slouched away."
"Everything's rating."
"You could've fooled me. You're enough to
give their fuckin' 'ollegs a bad name. An'
that's sayin' somethin'."
She backed through the doors with her
tray.

On the screen they were shooting extras.



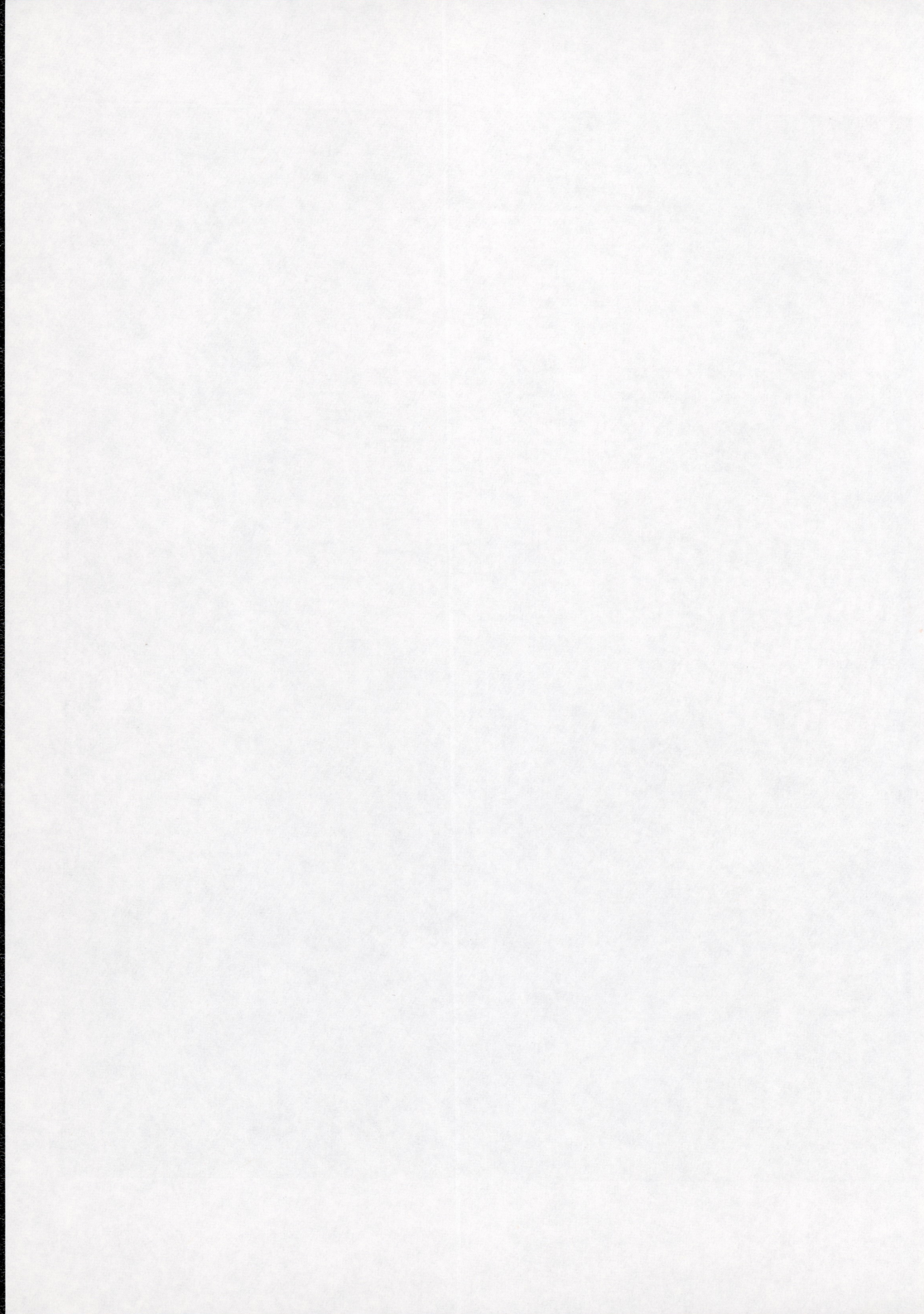


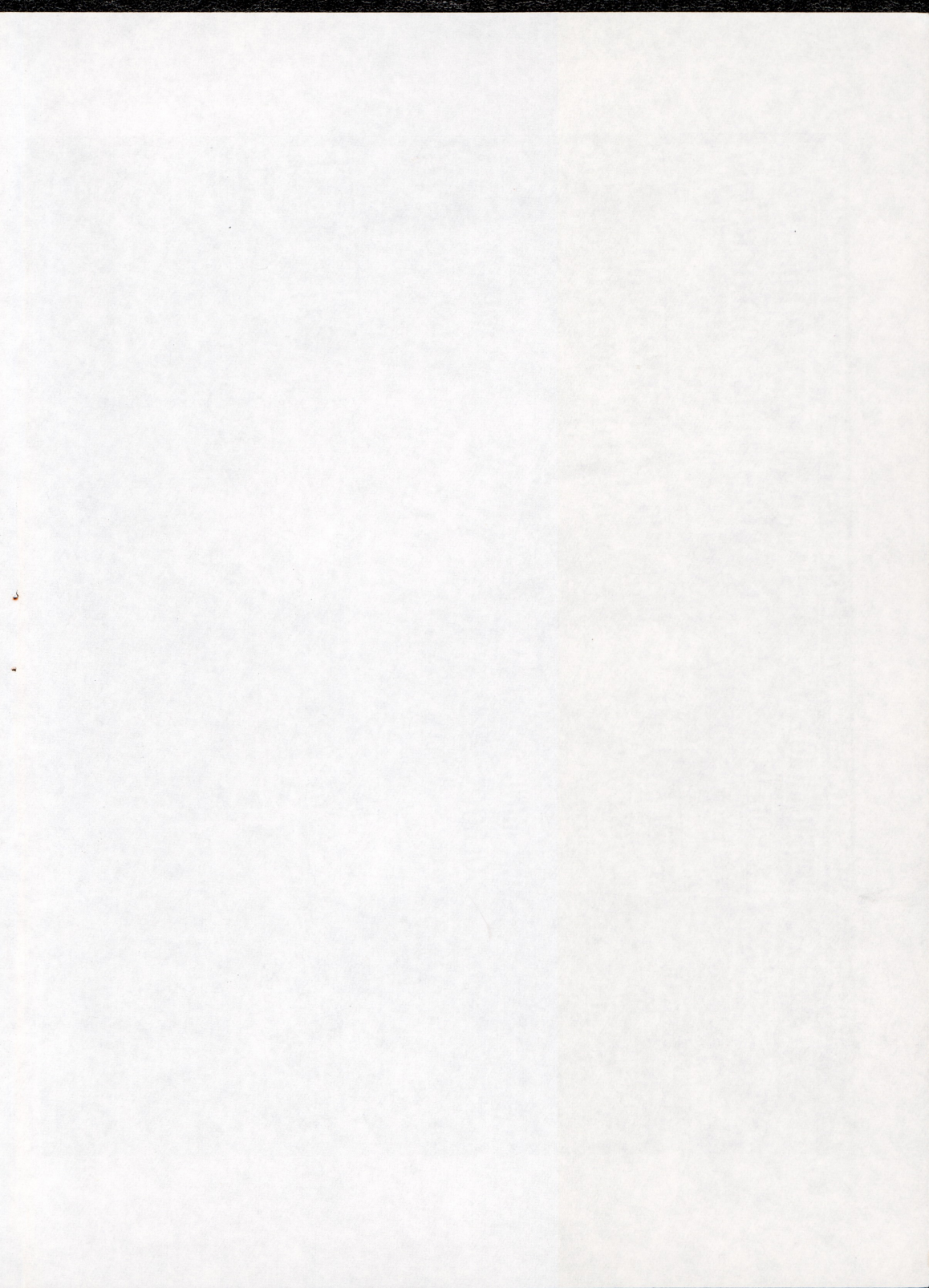


"Lenny of Moorhead?"
"He's doing me a favour."
"Isn't he an old hippy fart?"

...but it had cynics and what
scarcely art to believe un-
didn't want. Quits were
didn't happen. Pistols in-
washed the as music are
justified. They were dar-
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Virgin Records

LESSON FOUR
DO NOT PLAY
DON'T GIVE
THE GAME AWAY





Sleazy Slut of The Month

"They think they're heavily into manipulation, but really, we just let them play at it." Mr. Bug's representative sat comfortably in the darkness of the limousine. "Nobody who really believes they're manipulating things is safe. Sooner or later people lose patience. And people are very patient indeed. Most of you don't actually want to make anyone else do anything."

"Live and let live," said Helen of Troy. "It's time I got back to the bunker."

"I'm interested in human beings," said Mr. Bug's representative, squinting a little as he moved in his rubber. "I've studied them for years."

"Do you understand them?"
"Not really, but I've learned a lot about what triggers to pull. And I know enough, too, not to think that I can keep too many balls in the air."

"Have you seen Malcolm? That's who I was looking for, really."

"We've all seen too much of Malcolm. Haven't we?"

"Has he left your club?"

"You could try it. But hardly any of us go there anymore."

"Call as what you like. I prefer to think of myself as a student person. But I'm not sure I'm going to make the finals."

Mr. Bug's representative uttered a cheerful wheeze and opened the door so that Helen could step out.

"It's quite a nice morning, isn't it?" He said. "It was Clapham Common you wanted?"

"It'll do," said Helen.

"The melody lingers on," Mr. Bug's representative flicked his robot driver with his whip. "We'll try Hampstead Heath again now."

The diva's voice was feminine. "What are we looking for, sir?"

Mr. Bug's representative shrugged. "Whatever they're looking for."

"Do you think we'll find it, sir?"

"I'm not sure it matters. But it's something to pass the time. And we might meet some interesting people."

"Are there any real people left in London, sir?"

"I take your point. The city seems to be filling up with nothing but the ghosts of old anarchists, these days. Not to mention Charlatans and the like. Have you seen any of the Chartist?"

"Not recently, sir."

"There's bound to be a few on Hampstead Heath. What London really lacks at present is a genuine, big, healthy Mob."

Bolton Was A Gas



"Never seen you before."

"What's going on? Who's playing tonight."

"Black Arabs."

"Is Malcolm in there?"

"Not for me to say. Not for you to ask."

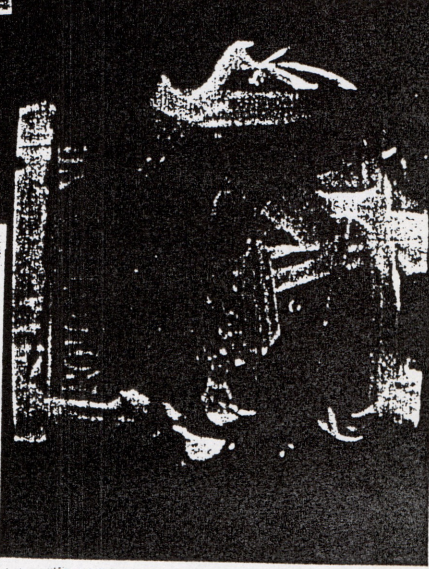
"But I'm with the band."

"What band?"

"What band do you want me to be with?"

"Off!" said the bouncer. "Go on."

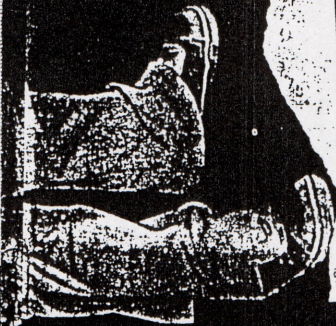
"You're a genius?"
 Frank Cornelius looked anxiously at the CRYPTIK. It didn't seem a patch on some of Miss Brunner's other machines, but she put a great deal of faith in it.
 "A few more record companies have been broken into. Tapes and records stolen. Some accounts, Majestic Studios have been blown up. Freerange have had a fire. Island's wiped out."



It's a little bit of a... you four... you

THE FOUL TOUTHED TOBS

THE FOUL TOUTHED TOBS



"And the casualties?" asked Bishop Beasley, mopping his brow with an old Flake wrapper.
 "They don't look significant. Everybody seems to be evacuating."

"Mr Bug?"
 "Not sure. No data."
 "Why are we sticking it out, then?" said Frank. "Why should we be the only ones?"
 "Because we know best, don't we?" Miss Brunner reached absentmindedly towards where Mary had been sitting. Now there was just a little pile of clothes. Mary had been absorbed some hours ago. "Someone's going to have to go out for some food. I think it's you, Frank."

"You're setting me up. If my brother finds me, you know what he'll do. He's got a nasty, vengeful nature. He's never forgiven me for Tony Blackburn, let alone conjuring up." He's too busy at present, she wanted the pitman. Anyway, he hardly ever bothers you unless you've bothered him.
 How do I know if I've bothered him, or not? Miss Brunner became impatient. "Frank! Go and get us some food to eat."
 "If possible," said Bishop Beasley.
 Frank put his Browning in the pocket of his wreck. He sidled reluctantly towards the door.

"Hurry," hissed Miss Brunner.
 "Any special orders?"
 "Anything tasty will suit me." She returned her attention to the CRYPTIK. "At this rate we'll be eating each other."
 This made her feel sick.

No Feelings
 There was a bounce on the door of the New Oldies Club as Steve tried to go through.
 "No way, my son," said the bouncer. Steve blinked. "You know me."

"You, mate, are persona non bloody grata. Get it?"
 "Is Mulcahn in there?"
 "You're a persistent little cunt, ain't ya?" The bouncer hit him.
 "What you do that for?"
 "Security."
 "Steve nursed his lip. "You shouldn't be afraid of me."
 "It's not you, chum. It's the people you're hanging around with."
 As Steve reached the street again, and began to walk in the general direction of Salto, he looked up. Over the rooftops was the outline of a small, sagging archway. It seemed to be drifting aimlessly on the wind. To the North, quite close to the Post Of fice Tower, a fire was blazing.
 United Artists, thought Steve absently.

Bodies
 Mr Bug's representative said. "Things look as if they're hotting up."
 They were crossing over Abbey Road. Police were making traffic detour around the ruins.

"All the old targets." Mr Bug's representative lit a fresh cigarette and put it to his tube. "Still, what new ones are there?"
 The driver pressed the horn.

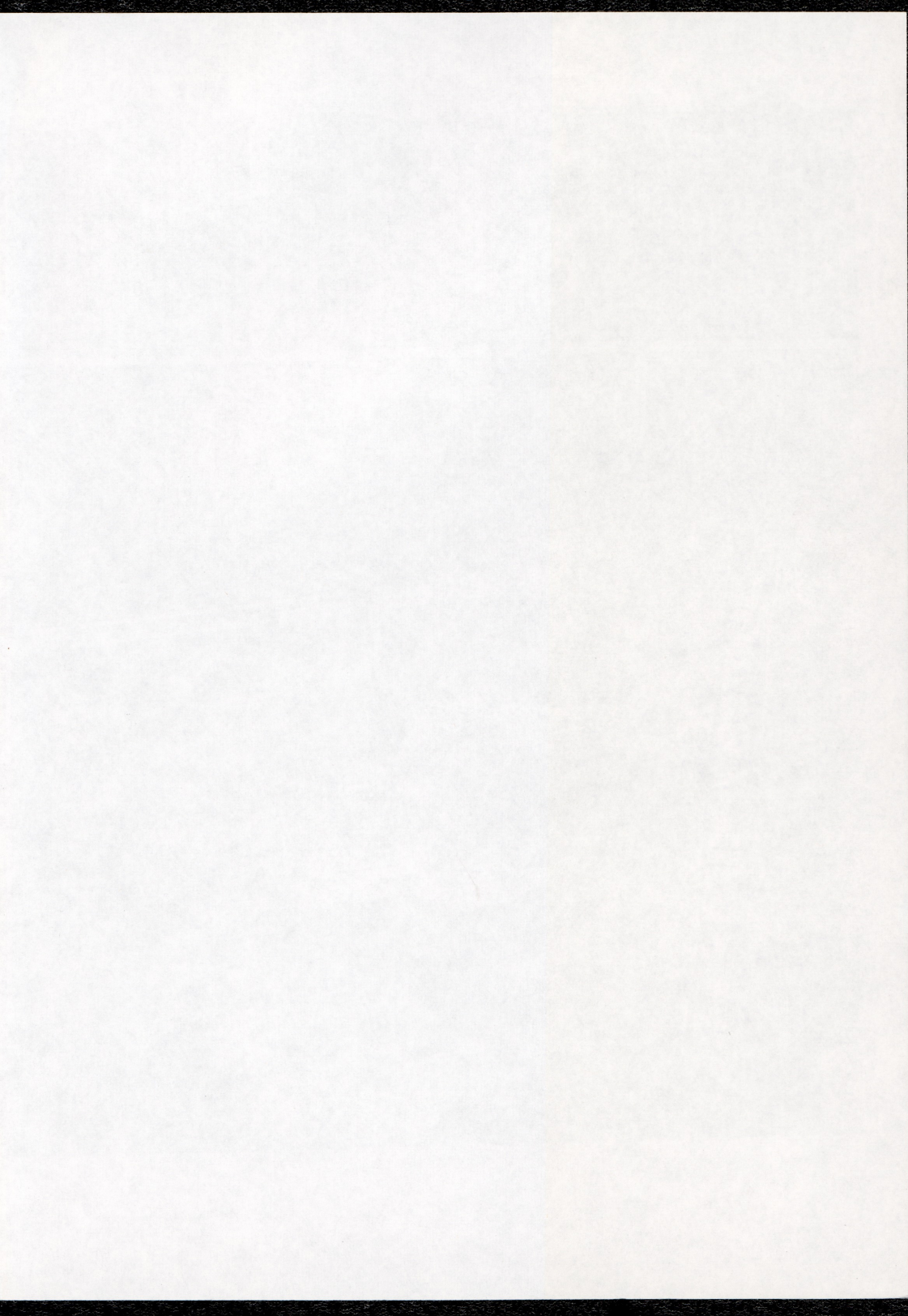
EPI Unlimited Edition
 Steve leaned on the gates of Buckingham Palace and dragged the book from his inside pocket.

The book was called Who Killed Bambi? He opened it up. All the pages were blank. He was getting used to this sort of thing.
 "Oh, there you are!" Helen of Troy came running over from St James's Park. "We thought we'd lost you."

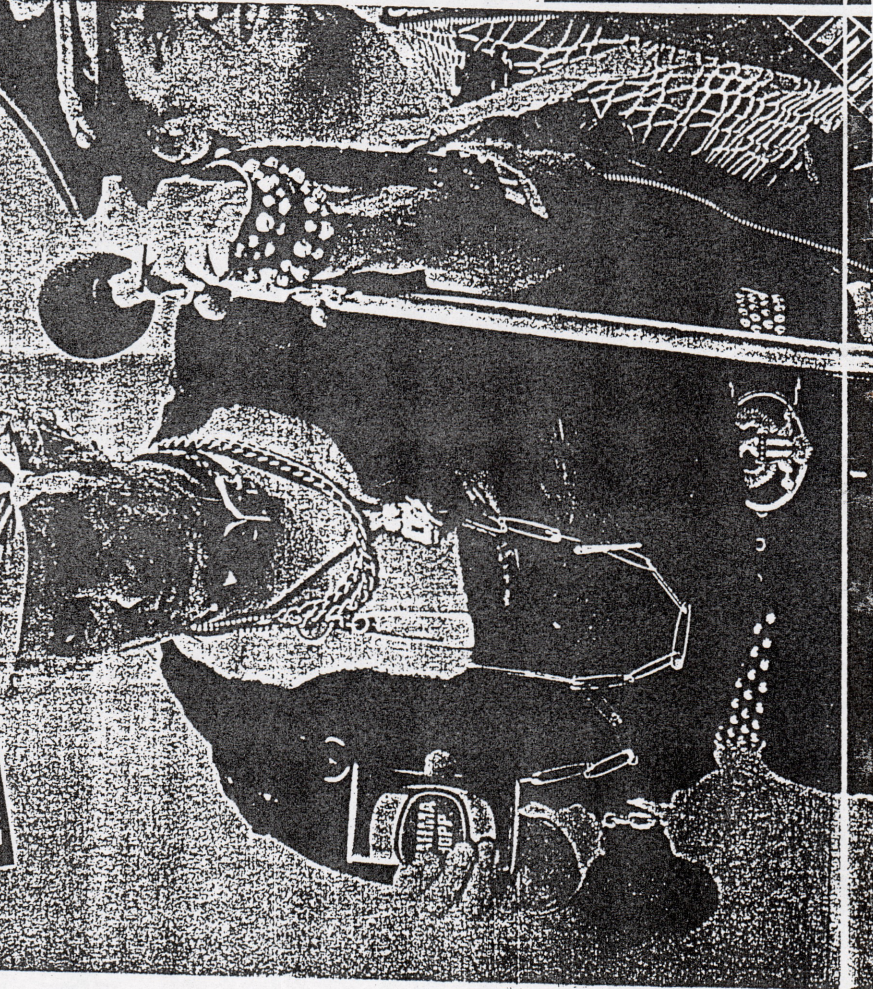
"I don't trust you, Helen. You're with them now."
 "Why don't you join us?"
 "What for?"
 "There's safety in numbers."

"So you say."
 "Any way," said Helen, "you shouldn't be hanging about here, should you? Everyone's getting very security conscious. They might arrest you."
 "Nothing else has been arrested, by the look of it."
 "I'm worried about you, Steve."

"Don't be."
 "That didn't work the last time."
 "We can help you."
 "What can you do?"
 "Army trucks were coming down the Mall. Garbled voices called through loudspeakers mounted on the tops of the trucks."
 Steve decided to follow Helen round the corner into Buckingham Palace Road. She took his hand. "Coming along then?"
 "No," he said. "I think I'll catch a train from Victoria."



Who Killed Bambi?



Manager As Voyeur

"It was just another work," said Sid picking at himself in the Café Hendrix. "But a seminal work, you must admit."

Sid had always been fond of bad jokes. Nestor Makhno looked up from the next table, a spoonful of ruby-coloured barbiturate on his lips, his woolly hat slipping down over one eye. "It's the politically illiterate who start revolutions. And it's the politically literate who lose them. You mustn't blame yourself."

"I blame the Chebsear Hotel," said Dylan Thomas. "Have you ever stayed there? In the winter? Brrr. It brings you down, boys. Since arriving at the Café Hendrix he had adopted an appalling Welsh peculiarity."

"What would you do?" asked Nancy. "If they gave you the chance of a comeback?"

"Tell them to stuff it," said Nestor Makhno. "I'd go all the way. Nilism. I would have in the first place, I think, but the wife didn't like it."

"Blow 'em all up," said Bakunin cheerfully.

"Now there speaks a true worker," said Jesus. He went up to the counter to get another espresso. "Who did you ever assassinate?"

"That's scarcely the point, is it?" Bakunin was hurt. But he knew he was talking to an ace.

Everyone was aware of it. Sid winked at the pouting Russian. "You can't compete with him. He's sent millions and millions off."

"It's a question of style," Bakunin woned a gloved hand. "Not of numbers killed." "You've probably got a point there," Keats and Chatterton went by arm in arm. "And Sid had a lot of style. A lot of potential."

"Well, I might yet realise it," said Sid. He was having a think.

Great Moments With The Immortals

"Maybe it's the Gulf Stream," Paul and Steve were dragging themselves ashore at last. They had arrived on the beach at Rio.

"It's fate, lads!" Martin Bormann, wearing only red and black swimming trunks, a discreet swastika on his saluting arm, came marching up. "I was only thinking about you this morning."

"Have you seen Malcolm?" Steve asked. "You've just missed him, I'm afraid. But Ronnie's about. He wants to join the group. I hear you're a couple of members short. I don't wish to push myself forward, but I used to be very fond of music."

"We'll think about it," said Paul.

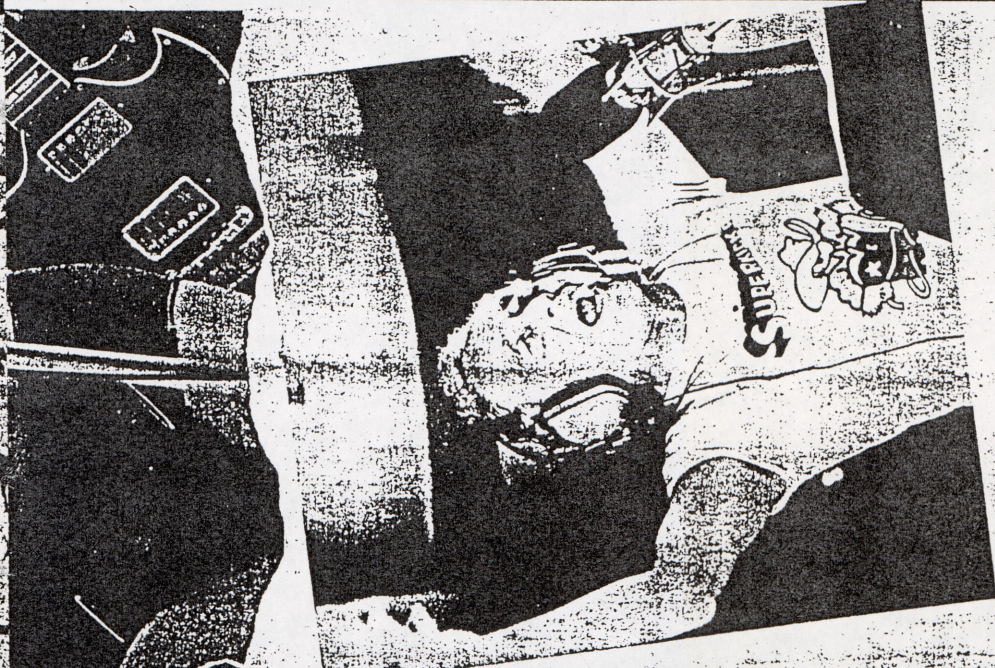
"Pistols, pistols, dear allies," sang Martin. "You mustn't let it get you down."

Said Lydon in his statement: "McLaren hoped that our record sales would be enhanced if the public were under the impression that we were banned from playing. That was certainly untrue. Some halls wouldn't have us, but others applied to Glitterbest for gigs during 1977 and were either refused or else received no replies." In the end, he claimed, the Pistols resorted to doing three gigs under assumed names.

...Sid Vicious rang Lydon one morning at 5.00 am to inform him that McLaren had just visited him. McLaren had complained to Vicious about Lydon, and Vicious himself told Lydon that he had had enough of the Sex Pistols. "Vicious sounded incoherent," said Lydon's statement. "I've since heard that he took an overdose of heroin shortly after McLaren's visit." Subsequently, Wilmers claimed, Lydon and McLaren had a face to face showdown at which Lydon said he didn't like getting publicity out of a man who had left a train driver like a vegetable.

The judge asked whether Rotten had changed in view of his refusal to become involved with Biggs. "The image projected is one in which violence is not opposed," he commented. Mr Wilmers said that Rotten did not approve of killing people.

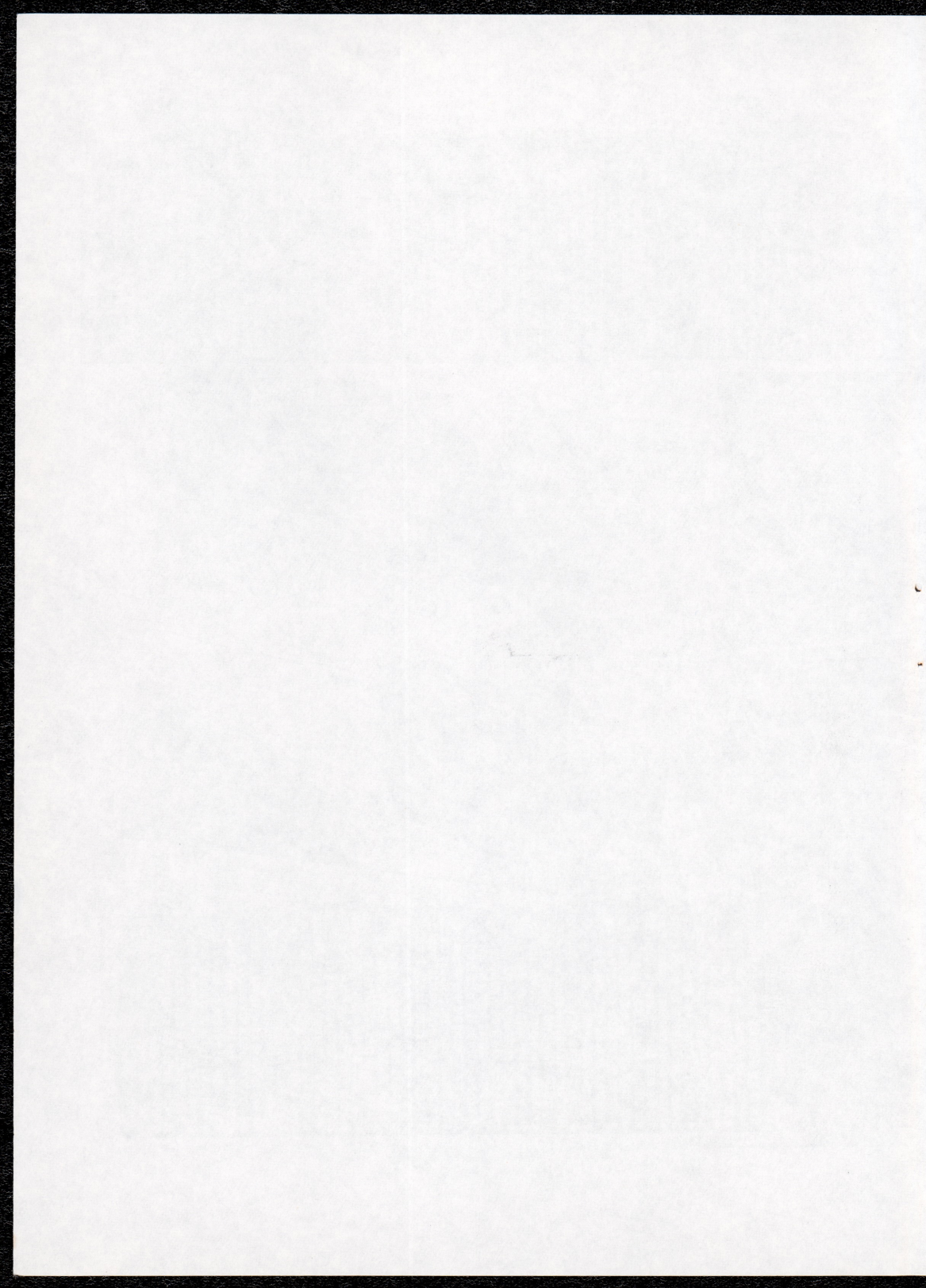
— New Musical Express, 24th February 1979

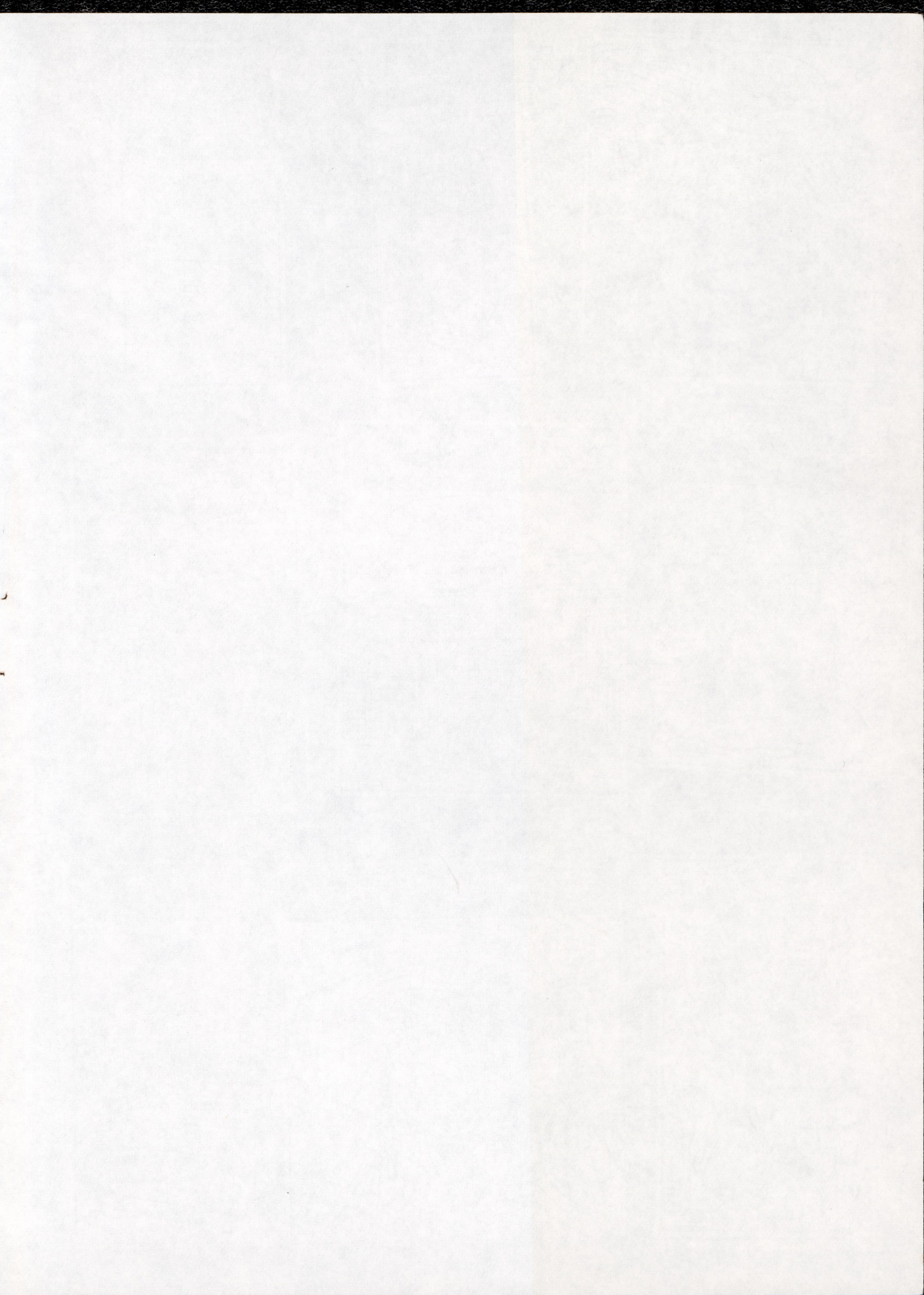


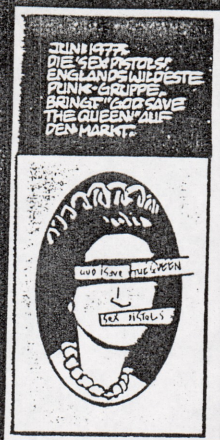
Boeing Clipper about, would you?" Steve cast an eye on the sky.
 "Oh, you know about that, do you?"
 "Has one been here?"
 "It's the plane Malcolm left on."
 "Betrayed!" said Steve.
 "It's probably a coincidence," said Paul.
 "The entire German people betrayed me," said Martin sympathetically. "They weren't worthy of us, you see. But what do we actually mean by this word 'betrayal'? Don't we in some ways betray only ourselves...?"
 They hadn't got time for his third rate Nazi metaphysics. They began to run up the beach.
 "We've got to earn some money, Steve," said Paul.
 Steve sniggered.
 "We'll have to do a few gigs." He turned.
 "Have you got any bookings, Martin?"
 "Amazon, three nights starting from tomorrow. Then there's the Mardi Gras."
 "We'll take 'em," said Paul.

Human Conditioner

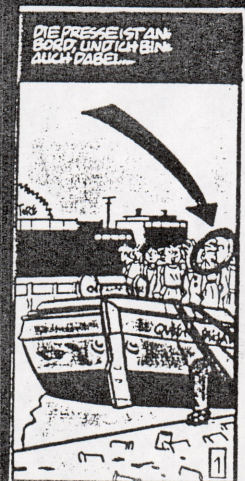
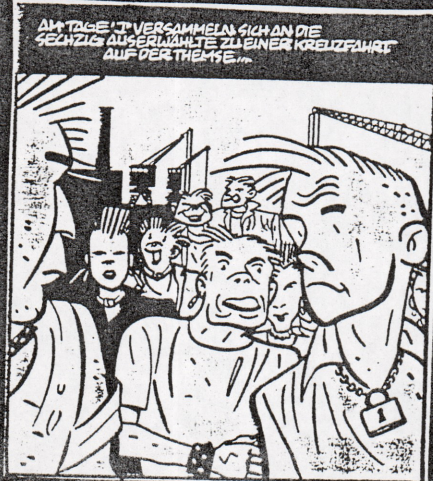
Miss Bummer set the crudely printed invitation on top of her CRYPTIC and frowned at it.
 "Maybe they're willing to deal at last?" said Frank. He had his areas of optimism.
 "It could be a joke," said Bishop Beasley. She hovered over her keyboard, but nothing came to mind.
 "A farewell gig, though," said Frank. "I thought they'd already done that." He sniggered.
 "Malcolm will be there," Bishop Beasley waved an important Crunchy. "And we need to raise some cash."
 "We'll make a few contacts," Frank reached towards the invitation but had his wrist stopped away by Miss Bummer.
 "It's another trap," she said.
 "What can they do to us? We've survived everything."
 "Your brother's involved. He's been resurrecting people again. You know what he's like."
 "Everyone who is everyone — or was anyone — will be there. Let's give it a go," Frank stroked his hand. "Please. My mum'll be there. She works at the venue. He wouldn't hurt our mum."
 Miss Bummer was letting him convince her. Bishop Beasley "if live is the right word."
 "It'll be a relaxing night out," Frank gave a stupid grin. "Well, it'll make a change."
 "It'll make a change," Miss Bummer agreed. "Do we get to see the film as well?"
 "It doesn't say."
 The CRYPTIC made a peculiar peeping noise.
 "I think it's laughing," she said.







ERALL DORT WO ES NICHT VERBOTEN
FINDET DIE ANTI-PATRIOTISCHE
GEGENBEWEGUNG ABSTATT...



DIE 'SEX PISTOLS' SIND HINGERICHTET...

WER SIND DIESE ARSCHEN DA ???

FUCK YOU !!

UND TROTZ EINES LEICHTEN UNWOHLSEINS...

EUPH

...GEBEN SIE EIN PAR NUMMERN ZUM BESTEN...

I WANNA BE MEEEE

ES IST SCHON DUNKEL, ALS DAS SCHIFF 'BIG BEN' PASSIERT UND SICH DEM PALAST NAHERN UND SICH AN DIESEM ABEND DAS LANDS HIGH SOCIETY EIN STELLCHEN GIBT.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, A FASCIST REGIME !!"

AN BORD GEHTES NIEBT WENIGER VOR, GINGLICH ZU...

NO FUN !!
FUCK YOU !!

WAS MACHEN WIR? HAUFEN WIR AB ??

LA-
TENTER
EXISTENZ-
EKKEL !!

HAT DIE AKTION VORRANG VOR DER REFLECTION?

ICH HÄTTE LUST, DIE KÖNIGIN VON ENGLAND ANZUSPUCKEN!

ICH HABE ALLES MITANGEHÖRT UND ZUGESCHEN, KEINE SEKUNDE...

ICH MUSS IHNEN ZUVORKOMMEN! DAS WIRD EIN KNÜLLER !!

KALIM HAT DAS SCHIFF FESTGEHALTEN, BLASEN DIE 'SEX PISTOLS' ZUM ANGRIFF...

ALLES ZUM PALAST !!

FUCK !!

WÄHREND DIE GEWALTTEAM IM DEN GROSSEN SALON EIN-DRINGEN...

Fuck!

Fuck!

LAUFE ICH LAUFE DIE KÖNIGIN ZU...

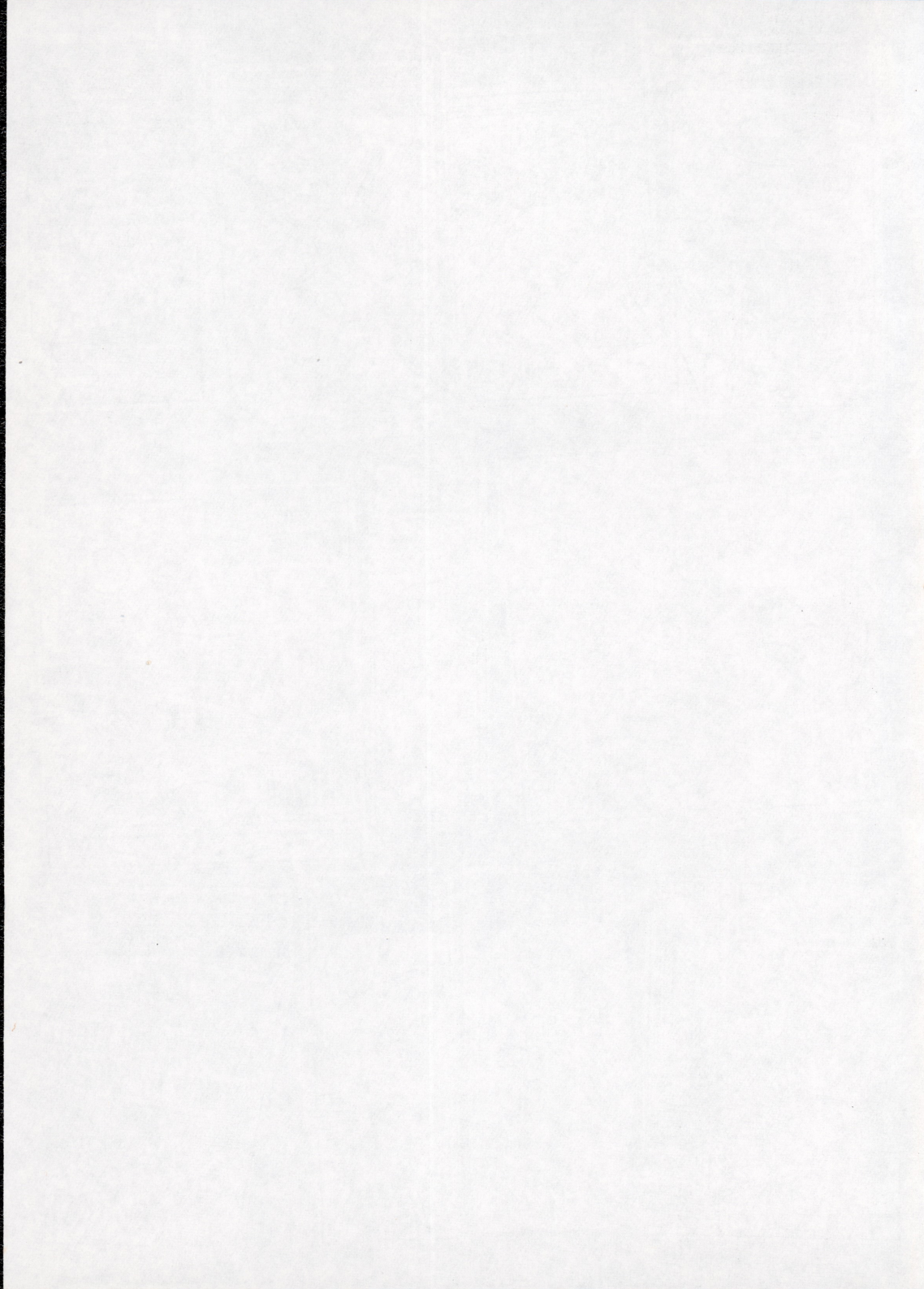
UND GOTTEN SCHREITET ZUR TAT...

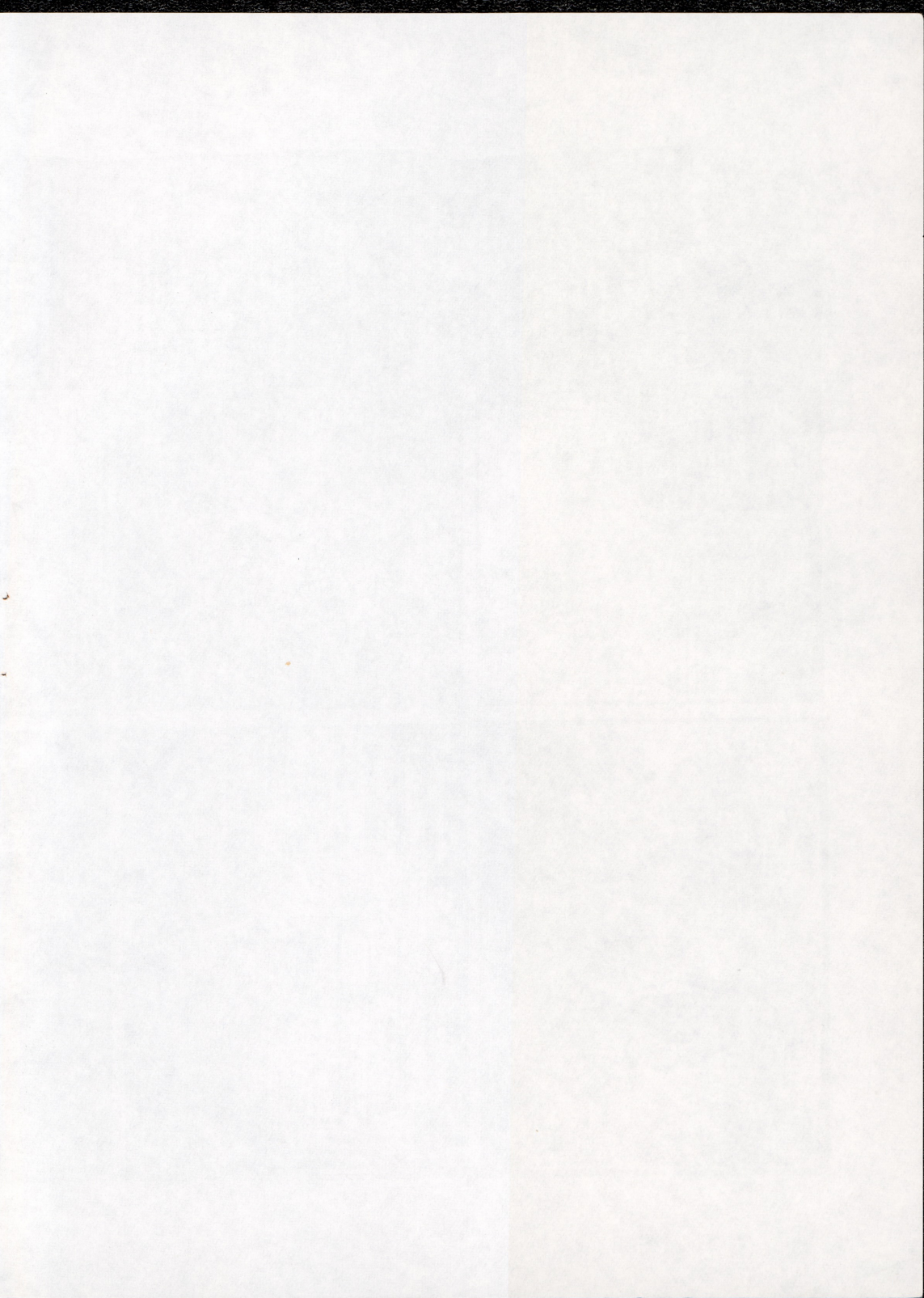
Mach

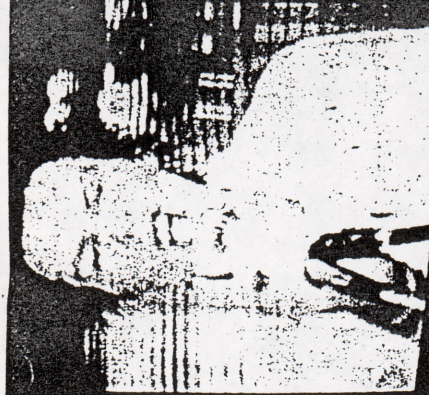
UND SO WURDE ICH DURCH MEINEN UNERSCHÜCKLICHEN KÖRPEREINSATZ ZU EINER ART HELD.

Daily Mirror BRITAIN'S BIGGEST London, Thursday, June

GOD AND PHIL PERFECT SAVE THE QUEEN!







The Mysterles

"I hope to god this is my last bloody come-back." The musician-assassin bit his mouldering lip and stared at his disintegrated fingers. "There just isn't the energy around now."

"It's because you've used it all up," said Malcolm. "Sue, where's the cheque book?"

"They took that as well."

Malcolm began to look in the backs of his desk drawers, as if he hoped to find a little cash. "This is silly."

"What happened to the money?" asked the assassin.

"It was won in a dream and lost in a nightmare," said Sue. She seemed to be quoting somebody.

"Where did it go?"

"Ask the bloody Official Receiver."

"Isn't that what he's asking you?" Everybody's asking the wrong questions. Sue glared at the assassin. "I love him alone. Can't you see he hasn't had any sleep in months?"

"That always happens when you try to make a dream come true, doesn't it?" "I don't need you sitting there, rotting in my last good chair," said Malcolm. "Have all the musicians gone out, Sue?"

"I'm not mourning," said the assassin defensively. "Exactly. I'm speaking from second-hand experience."

"All gone out," said Sue.

"Isn't the dream better than what we've got?"

"Are you Mr Bug?"

"Let's just say I do his talking."

"Where is he?"

"Where he always was. Zurich. Working hell."

"I never thought of Switzerland." The assassin tried to recover a finger nail which had dropped onto the bare boards.

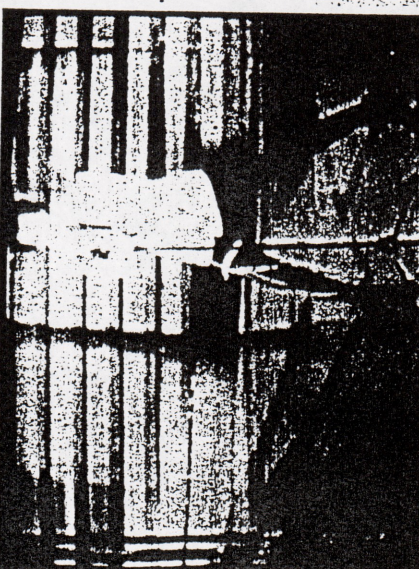
"Few people ever do."

"It could just be the suit that's in Switzerland."

"The suit is Mr Bug." Malcolm paused in his search. "I should know, shouldn't I?"

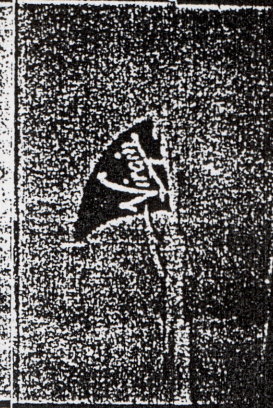
The assassin drew himself onto unsteady feet. He dusted a little light mould from his black car coat.

"Well, that clears everything up. Thanks."



he instead justly earned... "Yeah."

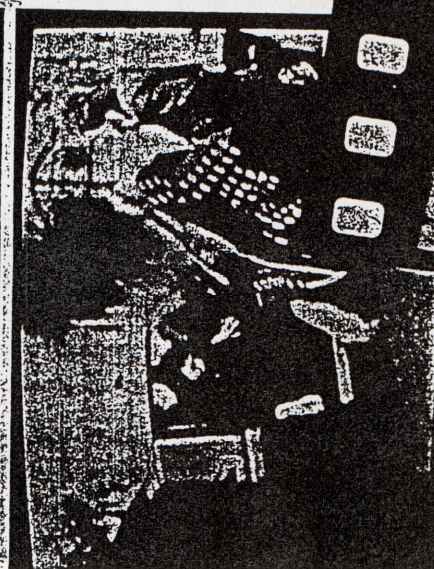
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a pair of discarded lounge trousers. The assassin paused by the door. "Oh, by the way, who really did kill —?" "Go off," said Malcolm. As the assassin went down the stairs, Sue came in, looking after him. She whispered: "It was Rus. But Malcolm set it up." The assassin had already forgotten the question.

When You Wish Upon A Star

The Concorde landed on schedule at Margaret Thatcher Airport. England looks very clean, these days. "I always knew there was a chance for her." An old robber, disguised as an ex-boxer, said through his balalaika: "A return to proper standards. And about time." Steve settled his tribly on his head. "As soon as I see Malcolm I'm going to... "Give it up," said Paul. "Just for a bit, eh?" Martin Bormann was disappointed. "I thought there'd be a crowd waiting for us. Like the Beatles." "Crowds need organising," said Steve, "and Malcolm's too busy for that. Besides, he's not managing us any more." "Are you sure?" "Well, you can never be absolutely certain."

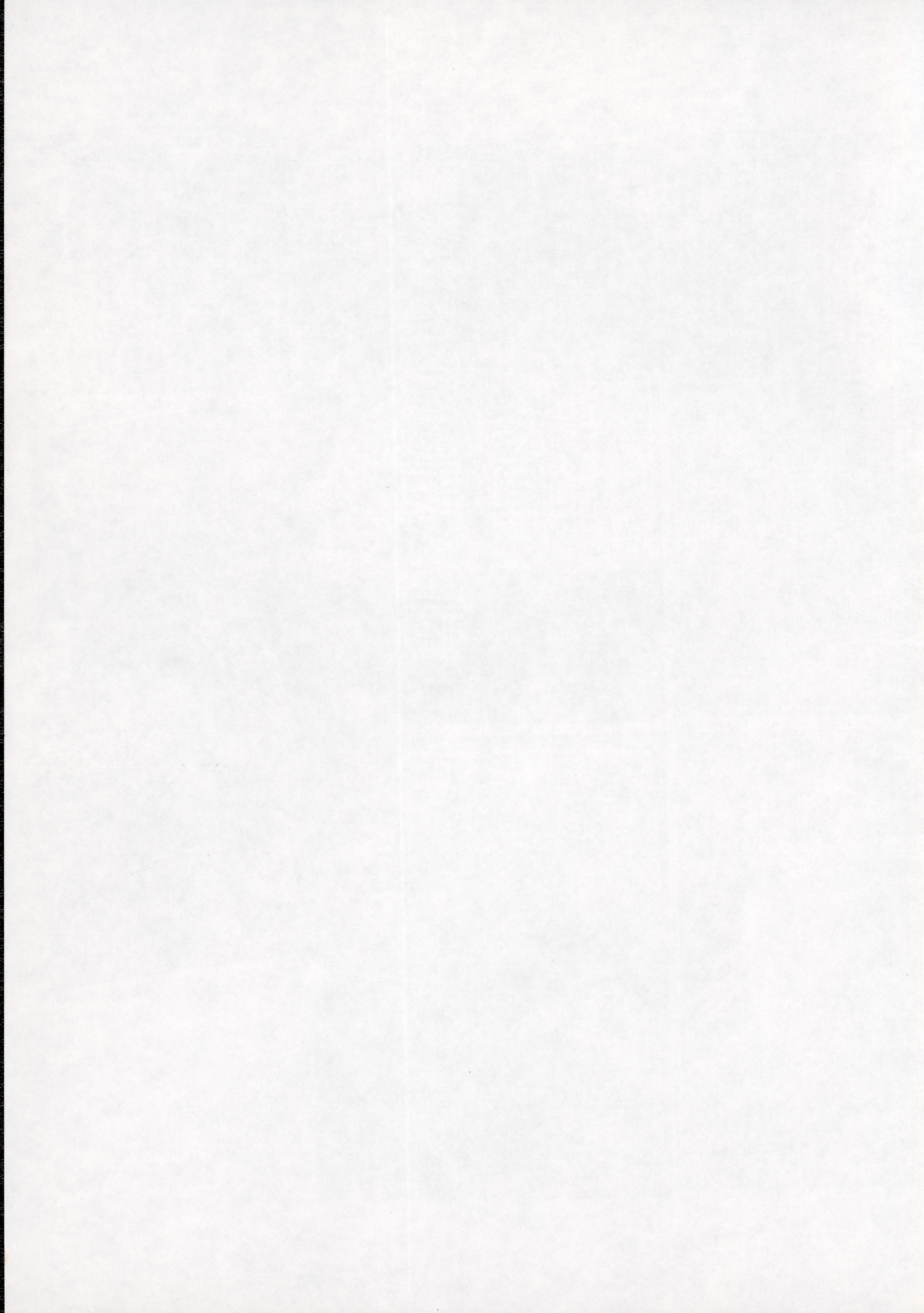


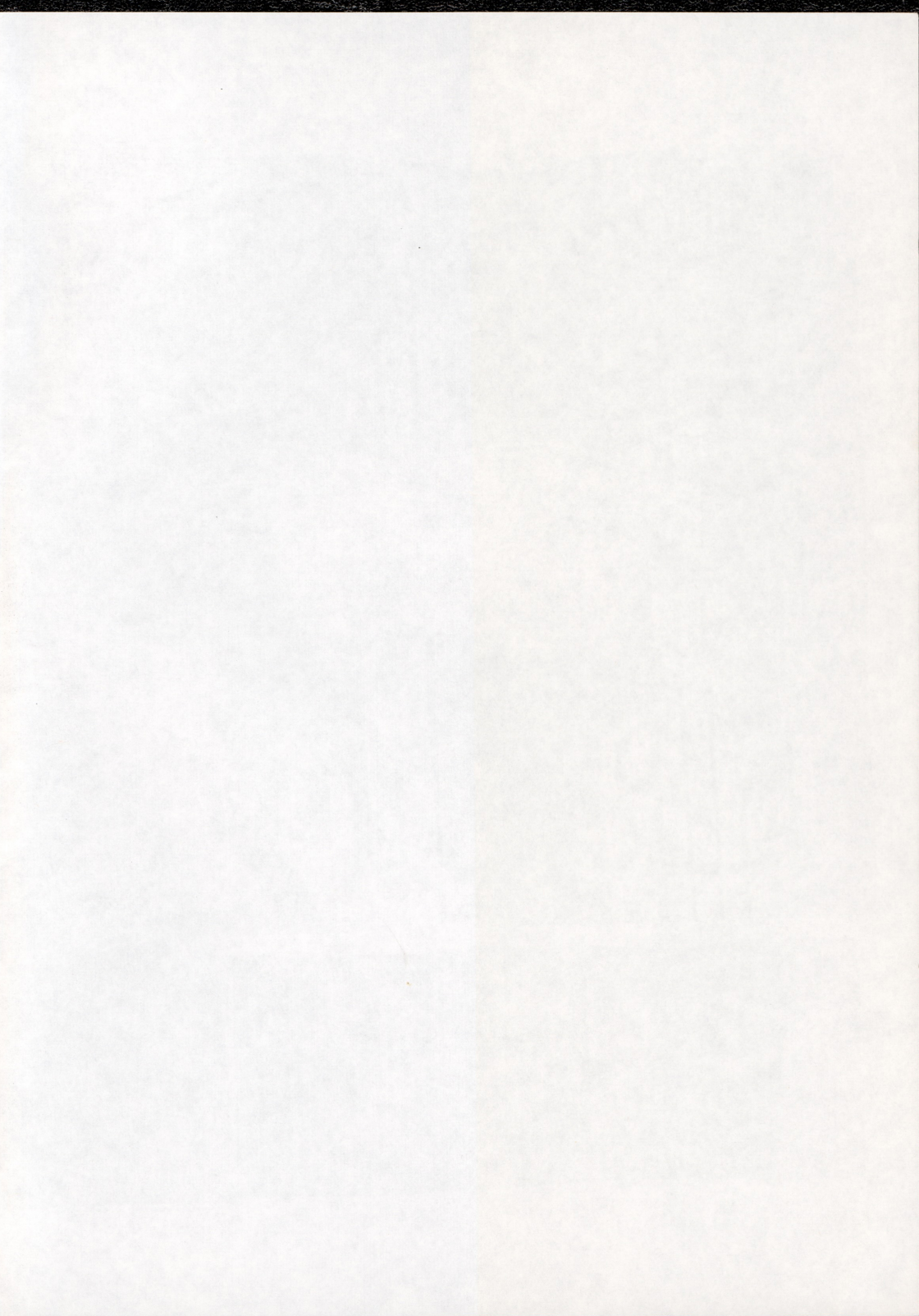
SID VIOIOUS



Reaching The Market

"I'm glad I'm not dead. I'm glad I'm not dead," mumbled the last of the musician-assassins to himself. He had put on his old pierrot suit and had plastered his face with white make-up to hide the worst of the decay. "You've got to think positive." He shuffled through the streets of North London. He was lost. He seemed to remember that he had been on his way to some kind of party. It was possible that he had missed it during one of his rests. It had started to rain. The silk suit began to stick to his skeleton as he turned into Finchley Road. Everything was getting very lazy.





Requiem Me2

"Two Rotten Bars, please." Sue looked at her own little dolls on display in the foyer. She still thought she should get the bars free, but she paid for them anyway. Tenpole began to sing at her.

"You stop that, Tadpole." Mrs. Cornelius came round the corner. "Don't let 'im bawler you, love. 'E wants ter be discovered. Will MacGinn be along later?"

"Discovered?"

"Like America." She laughed heartily so that her goods in her tray bounced beneath her dancing breasts. "An' all them over the can colonies."

She went inside. She wanted to be sure of a good seat.

Nearly everybody was in some form of fancy dress. Mickey Most, in lugubrious and inappropriate corduroy, Jake Riviera, Tony Howard, Peter Jenner, Andrew Lloyd Webber, Martin Dons. A lot of denim and fur. A lot of vain leather.

Shuffling in and standing in the shadows, the half-collapsed pierrot looked at them going by. It was like a gathering of Mafia dons, old and new. Richard Branson, Michael Dempsey, Miles Copeland: some of them in modifications of demi-monde styles, some in grotesque parodies of dandyism. The Black Arabs arrived, singly or in couples, with their girlfriends.

The pierrot noticed how comfortable they all were. It was probably because not a single punter had been on the invitation list. Some of them complained that they had to pay, but in the main they were not discontented.

Elton John, Rod Stewart, Olivia Newton-John, Cliff Richard and Barbara Streisand. Bishop Beasley, Miss Brunner, Anne Nightingale. Frank Cornelius didn't notice his brother. He was walking on air. He felt euphoric in the presence of cash. The slightly self-conscious members of the musical press, trying to look like musicians, and as usual



Mr. Bug's balliff. Is it her Receivers?
"They're not playing tonight."
"I'll tell 'em." She disappeared.
"Mum..." He stretched out his wounded
hand. "My wiring's gone..." But she didn't
hear him.

He could only dimly detect the soundtrack
now. There was a lot of flummage
coming from the seats. The film was
reassuring its audience while pretending to
shock them; a perfect formula for success.
"It's sure to be a winner," said Helen of
Troy, slipping out for a pee.

The pierrot gasped. Everything was going
round and round.
Sometime later, as he desperately tried to
revive his attention, he saw Sid at last. The
operation had been a success. He wasn't
absolutely sure by now if Sid was actually on
stage or in film. He was singing My Way,
with all his old style.

Steve crawled up and began to tug at the
pierrot's suit. Bits of it tore away in his
hand. "This is where I lost the film."
He crawled on towards the pit.
The volume rose higher and higher. There
were a few murmurs of complaint.
The pierrot felt a little better. He
managed an appreciative groan.

The song ended.
Gunfire began to sound in the auditorium.
The pierrot sank to the dirty floor with a
happy grunt. "It works, after all. We did
it. We did it."
The hall became filled with the sounds of
terror. Blood and bits of flesh flew
everywhere. The audience was tearing itself
to pieces as it tried to escape. No one did.
Eventually there was silence. A dark
screen. A vacuum. An averted ghost.

Mrs. Cornelius opened the doors. She had
an expression of resigned disgust on her
face.
On the bloody ell do they expect ter
clap up this fuckin' mess, then?
"Bambo!" said Tenpole behind her.
He began to sing again.

never absolutely certain of their social status
their expressions changing constantly as they
tried for an appropriate mode.

They were being in demand by curiosity,
pressed, a wish not to be left out.

Music publishers, record company
executives, the owners of studios, agents and
managers, "What a lot of controllers," mumbled the
last of the musician-assassins. "What a lot
of all right."

Elsewhere, smashed-up Hells
Angels, Beverly Hills punks. Nobody required
any more, only confirmation. They confirmed
on the other.

The pierrot was reminded of a bunch of
burglars going into church.
Steve and Paul wandered in. Steve's
trenchcoat was covered in a variety of old
freak, vomit and semen. He had lost his hat.
A bouncer appeared from nowhere. "Sorry,
you're not to have invitations."
Ronnie Biggs and Martin Barmann said in
chance. "It's all right. They're with us."
Johnny won't come," said Steve to no-one
in particular. He hadn't noticed the pierrot in
the shadows, either.

Wasting it
"I've seen this before," whispered Miss
Brunner to Frank as the film came on.
"We've all seen it before," said someone
behind her. "That doesn't mean we can't
enjoy it."

Steve was crawling between the seats, still
looking for Malcolm.
He found a tartan knee. "Malcolm? Wake
up."
"Give him a break," said Sue. "Can't you
leave him alone for a minute?"
It was standing room only for the old
pierrot. He held on tightly to the rail at the
back, trying to focus fading eyes.

His mother popped in. "Jury, love lookin'
terrible. There's a chap in the foyer. See he's

ANARCHY

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Monday SEPTEMBER 20

SEX PISTOLS
CLASH

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7PM LATE BAR

Sex Pistols

Sex Pistols trennen sich

Five

Aus. Schluss, vorbei! Die Sex Pistols gibt's nicht mehr. Nach einer sensationell erfolgreichen Amerika-Tournee, die sehr wohl den weltweiten Durchbruch der englischen Punks hätte bedeuten können, gab's zwischen Johnny Rotten und dem Rest der Gruppe Stunk. Trennung!

Nach vor wenigen Wochen war die Pistols-Welt in schönster Ordnung. Die Jungs in der Band verstanden sich bestens, schienen eine unzertrennliche Einheit zu sein (s. Bericht im vordern Heftteil). Auch die USTour ging reibungslos über die Bühne. Die Berichte, die täglich hier eintrafen, klangen grossartig. Triumph in Atlanta, Memphis, San Francisco — ein Riesenerfolg! Die amerikanischen Punks jubelten und bespuckten ihre Stars liebevoll. Selbst das bürgerliche Amerika gab seiner unterschwelligen Sympathie für die bösen Jungs aus England Ausdruck.

Dann nach dem letzten Konzert in San Francisco gab es Ärger. Ersten Meldungen zufolge, die von der Westcoast hier eintrafen, wollten die Pistols am nächsten Tag nach Brasilien weiterfliegen, um dort dem englischen Poststar Roland Biggs ihre Aufmerksamkeit zu machen. Doch dann herrschte plötzlich Funkstille — die Gruppe und ihr Manager Malcolm McLaren waren unauffindbar. Einen Tag später traf die erste Hiobsbotschaft ein: Johnny Rotten, der überraschend (und allein) in New York aufgetaucht war, teilte dem Reporter der englischen Tageszeitung «The Sun» mit, dass er die Gruppe verlassen habe. Originalton



Da strahlen sie noch: Sex Pistols bei ihrer Ankunft in New York

Rotten: «Ich habe die Nase voll von den Sex Pistols. Ich will nie mehr mit ihnen auftreten. Wir haben uns zwar nicht getrennt. Wir setzen uns einfach zusammen und beschliessen, dass das Ende gekommen sei. Ich weiss nicht, wie's in Zukunft weitergehen wird, doch ich bezweifle sehr, dass wir jemals wieder zusammenspielen werden. Wir haben das gebracht, was wir bringen konnten. Jedermann hat versucht, aus uns eine Supergruppe zu machen — und das gefiel mir gar

nicht. Ichweigerte mich, nach Brasilien zu gehen; die ganze Sache mit Roland Biggs war doch nichts anderes als ein stinkender Publicity-Trick!»

Da drehten die englischen Massenmedien durch. Die konservative Tagesschau, die für gewöhnlich nur politische und Sport-Nachrichten sendet, widmete den Pistols einen ganzen Sendeblock. Und sämtliche Zeitungen machten für die verkrachten Punks ihre Titelseiten frei.

Am nächsten Tag folgte der Konter-

angriff der restlichen Pistols und Managers Malcolm McLaren. In Interviews bestritten sie, dass Rotten sie verlassen habe. Das Gegenteil sei der Fall gewesen. Zitat McLaren: «Wir haben ihn rausgeschmissen. Wir haben abgestimmt und beschlossen, dass er gehen soll. Er machte uns noch ganz verrückt mit seinem Ego. Und sowieso — ich finde es grossartig, nach 18 Monaten zu spalten — wir hatten unsere Karriere immer so geplant. Ab heute lege ich mein Manageramt nieder. Unsere ganzen Verträge haben wir bereits zerissen.»

Darauf meldete sich auch Johnny Rotten wieder zum Wort: «Vorwegen Ego — das stimmt überhaupt nicht. Ich wollte immer, dass die Pistols eine 4-Mann-Band sind, in der jeder gleich viel Rechte hat.»

Der andere Star der Gruppe, Bassist Sid Vicious, erlebte das ganze Tohuwabohu nicht mehr bei Bewusstsein. Mit einer schweren Drogenvergiftung schwebte er in einem amerikanischen Krankenhaus in Lebensgefahr ...





WILD PXXROCKS Party

(Nr. 5)

mit dabei:

Happy Kadaver

(GERMANPUNK aus Wipperfürth)

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(PUNKROCK 77er Style aus Düsseldorf)

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(PUNKnROLL aus Düsseldorf)

LA CRY

(PUNKnROLL aus Hamburg)

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auf der Schwarzenberger Str. in Duisburg-
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